

X.

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE.

90615

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME V.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1864.



New Series.

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DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 25.

JANUARY.

1864.

THE IRISH HIERARCHY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

TOWARDS the close of September, 1626, the obsequies of Hugh McCawell, archbishop of Armagh, were duly solemnized in the Franciscan church of Araceli, on the Capitoline-hill, at Rome. Brief, indeed, was his tenure of the Irish primacy, for in the very month of his elevation he was seized with fever, while making a last pilgrimage to the patriarchal basilicas, and died, after a short illness, just as he was preparing to set out for Ireland. His remains were borne to the crypt of St. Isidore's, and there John, earl of Tyrone, erected a votive tablet to the memory of his friend and earliest preceptor.

A truly great man, indeed, was this archbishop, deeply learned in scholastic philosophy, and author of many works, which exhibit a rare knowledge of metaphysics, and a power of reasoning in which he was little inferior to his eminent countryman Scotus, surnamed the "Subtile."

Hugh McCawell, a native of Down, was born in the neighbourhood of Sabul Padraic, about the year 1571. His parents were poor, but their poverty notwithstanding, they did all in their power to advance his early education, and when the boy grew up he crossed over to the Isle of Man, and remained there many years, devoting himself to the study of classics and dialectics till he was recalled to Ireland, by Hugh, prince of Tyrone, who took him into his household, and appointed him tutor to his sons, Henry and Hugh. Under such an able master those noble youths made rapid proficiency, and so highly were McCawell's services appreciated by the great chieftain—the greatest Ireland has ever seen—that he conferred the honour of knighthood on him, made him his confidant, and offered him a command in his army. McCawell, however, having no taste for the profession of arms, declined the honour. But there was another department in which he could serve his lord and chieftain, and when the latter proposed to him to accompany his son Henry to the court of of Spain, in order

to procure aids for the Ulster forces, then waging war with Elizabeth, he willingly set out, and faithfully executed the high commission with which he was entrusted.

Visiting Salamanca, where the court was then staying, he frequented the far-famed schools of that ancient university, and after attending a course of lectures in philosophy, he made up his mind to abandon diplomacy and all worldly pursuits, for a quiet studious cell in the monastery of St. Francis. One who knew him tells us that his novitiate, or probation term, was worthy the most devoted son of St. Francis, and that a better or more mortified man never wore the poor habit of the order. Weak in bodily health, and suffering from constant ailments, he refused every little indulgence offered him by the community, ever and always insisting that he had entered the cloister to learn how to suffer and accustom himself to penitential austerities. At the close of his novitiate, he was ordained priest, and a few years later saw him promoted to teach theology in the university of Salamanca, where he earned the character of a ripe scholar, acute, grave, modest, and sublime.* From Salamanca his superiors sent him to Louvain, to fill the chair of philosophy, and to aid in the erection of St. Anthony's, where he had for his pupils Fleming, Colgan, and other great men, whose names are famed in the pages of Irish literature. At length, being summoned to Rome, in 1623, he set out in company with Father Patrick Fleming, and on his arrival in that city, was appointed definitor general of the Franciscans, and honoured with the chair of theology in the convent of Araceli. His high character had preceded him, and Urban VIII., who cultivated literature, and esteemed all labourers in the same field, welcomed him as a valuable accession to the schools of the eternal city. Indeed, so highly was the poor friar esteemed by the pontiff, that there was no favour which the latter would refuse him; so much so, that when he and Wadding proposed to erect a college for the education of Irish secular priests, Urban not only entertained the project, but commended it warmly to cardinal Ludovisi, who generously founded and endowed that establishment. Nor, was this the only religious institution in whose erection he was instrumental, for he had long since† co-operated with Florence Conry, archbishop of Tuam, in founding St. Anthony's, at Louvain; and now that he was at Rome, even Wadding availed himself of his valuable services in completing the building of St. Isidore's.

Meanwhile, his pen was not idle, for to his *Life of Scotus*,‡ published in 1620, he now added many other volumes, vindicating the doctrines of the "subtile doctor," and proving, if indeed proof were required, that the great philosopher of the fourteenth century, was ably represented by his most enthusiastic and zealous apologist in the seventeenth. While occupied in these metaphysical speculations, McCawell was not unmindful of his countrymen serving in the Continental armies; and in order that they might not lack wholesome reading in their native tongue, he wrote for their

* Vernuleus.

† In 1609.

‡ V. Ware's Irish writers.

benefit a valuable little treatise, styled "the Mirror of Penance," which, however, was not published till 1628, two years after his death.*

Towards the close of 1625, the see of Armagh, being vacant by the death of Peter Lombard, who departed this life, after a sojourn of many years at Rome, pope Urban resolved that no time should be lost in providing a successor to that learned prelate. The pontiff, it would appear, was strongly urged to bestow the Irish primacy on Ross McGeoghegan,† a distinguished friar of St. Dominic's order, who had already done signal service to religion in his native land; but notwithstanding all the interest that was made for this eminent man's promotion, he was passed over, at the joint solicitation of John O'Neill, earl of Tyrone, and Albert Hugh O'Donel, earl of Tyrconnell, who represented to the pontiff the incongruity of appointing any *Pale's-man*, no matter how great his merits, to the metropolitan see of Ulster. Urban was influenced by the remonstrance of the two Irish princes, who desired nothing so much as McCawell's promotion, and he was accordingly consecrated archbishop of Armagh, in 1626. We have already stated that his illness was brief, and we may add, that he himself had a presentiment that it was to prove fatal, for when the pontiff's own physician visited him, he delicately declined his kind offices, alleging that all remedies were useless in his case, as he knew he was dying. He then wrote to the pope that he ought not appoint any one to the see of Armagh, without consulting the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell; and having done this he requested to have the last sacraments administered to him. At his bed-side, in the poor cell of Araceli, were

* O'Hussey's *Catechism in Irish*, (published at Louvain, in 1608,) and Stapleton's (*Catechism*) in Latin and Irish, published at Brussels, in 1639, and dedicated to the Archduke Albert, were compiled chiefly for the benefit of the Irish troops serving in the Netherlands.

† McGeoghegan was born in 1580, and when thirteen years of age, was sent to the Irish college of Lisbon, where he took the habit of St. Dominic. From Lisbon he went to Salamanca, where he spent eight years. He was then sent, by the general chapter of Madrid, to revive his order in Ireland. Subsequently he was present at the general chapter of the Dominicans, at Milan, in 1622, and was there appointed provincial for Ireland. Returning home, he established a novitiate in the convent of Orlare (Co. Mayo,) and laboured hard for the restoration of his order. It is asserted that he converted Sir Arthur Blundel, vice-treasurer, (in 1625,) and one O'Doyne, of Trinity College, Dublin. At length, he resigned the provincialate and proceeded to Louvain, where he assisted in founding a convent for Irish Dominicans. In 1628, he was raised to the see of Armagh, as successor to the celebrated bishop Leverous (to whom the ducal house of Leinster owes its preservation,) and consecrated at Brussels, by the archbishop of Mechlin. His subsequent career in Ireland was highly distinguished, by enlightened zeal and laborious exertions for the preservation of the faith. He had collected a vast library, but was obliged, by the distress then prevalent, to pledge a great portion of it to relieve his destitute flock. After having governed the see of Kildare for twelve years, he was seized with paralysis, while preaching the pauperic of St. Francis, in the church of Multifernam; and in this helpless state he was carried in a litter to Kilbeggan, in order to have the services of Owen O'Shiel, a celebrated physician, then styled "the Eagle of Irish doctors," but he died before the latter had time to visit him. He bequeathed his vestments and books to the diocese of Kildare, and was buried in its ancient cathedral, A.D. 1640, æt. 70.

two brothers, Edmond* and Anthony Dungan, both Franciscans, and his most intimate friends. Turning to the former, he calmly remarked: "I have always been weak of body, and am now about to leave this world: to you, then, I bequeath my cross and ring, and to your brother I leave this poor habit, all that I have to give." Then, fixing his last look on a picture of St. Anne, which was sent to him from Sicily, and grasping the crucifix, he resigned his soul to God, and his renown to the schools. No one could have been more affected by his premature death than pope Urban, who, on hearing of it, remarked, "Non hominem sed angelum amisimus"—"We have lost not a man but an angel;" and with equal truth did Vernuleus, in his panygeric of this prelate, observe, "The life of great geniuses is like that of flowers, brief and transient; and the purple is oftener the apparel of death than of life." †

Faithful to the memory of his early preceptor, Father Patrick Fleming has left us a vivid biography of primate McCawell, extolling his rare virtues and learning, and thanking God for having sent such a man into the world, to maintain the reputation of the land that gave him birth, as a faithful mother of highly-gifted sons. Little, indeed, did the author think that, in a few short years after he had finished that little work, he himself should be numbered among the dead, cut off suddenly by ruthless assassins! §

During the episcopate of Peter Lombard, (who could not return to Ireland,) the primatial see was governed by Rothe, bishop of Ossory, in the capacity of vice-primate; and on the death McCawell, he was empowered to continue in the discharge of the same duties, till Urban VIII. should think it time to fill the vacancy. As may be supposed, the exiled Ulster princes used all their influence to have the primacy conferred on a man of their own province, and the pope, in respect to the late primate's dying request, willingly granted their prayer. Accordingly, the person selected for the highest dignity in the Irish Church was Hugh O'Reilly, bishop of Kilmore, son of Malmorra and Honora, the one a lineal representative of the ancient house of Breffny-O'Reilly, and the other, a member of a junior branch of the same princely race. Hugh, their youngest son, was born in 1580, and received the rudiments of his education under the paternal roof, where he made rapid progress in the study of classics and philosophy. His father wished him to join some of the Irish regiments then serving in the Spanish Netherlands, but he preferred an ecclesiastical life; and after com-

* He succeeded O'Deveney in the see of Down and Connor, and died prisoner in Dublin Castle.

† His portrait, a copy of which is now before us, represents him as emaciated and very feeble, and the inscription at foot of it, runs thus—"Hugo Cavellus Archiep. Armac. Hib. Primas candidatus, theologiæ professor ornatissimus, Scoti scoliasites definitor generalis Collegii S. Antonii fundator, disciplinæ regularis promotor, nudipedum exemplar, vir extenuatæ licet constitutionis ærumnarum patientissimus, patriæ, provinciæ, religionis gloria.

‡ "Brevis est, ut florum, ita ingeniorum magnorum ætas, et sæpius in purpura mors est quam vita."—Elog. in Cavellum.

§ This great man, author of the "Collectanea Sacra," was murdered in Bohemia, in 1631.

pleting his theological course in Ireland, as well as the circumstances of the times allowed, he was ordained priest, in 1618. He then set out for Rouen, where he prosecuted the study of canon law in the same school with the justly celebrated John Lynch, author of "*Cambrensis Eversus*," "*Alithinologia*," "*Icon Antistitis*," etc., etc. Having distinguished himself in every department of academic lore, and earned the reputation of a rare scholar, he returned to his native diocese—deprived of a bishop since the death of Richard Brady*—and was appointed vicar apostolic of Kilmore, in 1625. Two years afterwards he was consecrated bishop of that ancient see, by Fleming, archbishop of Dublin, in St. Peter's, Drogheda. During his government of the see of Kilmore, Fleming of Dublin, Dease† of Meath, and other prelates, were engaged in a controversy, about certain exemptions on which the mendicant orders insisted as their right; and among the bishops who then decided in their favour was Hugh Kilmore, who, by an instrument signed with his hand and seal, in June, 1627, declared that the Regulars were not bound to contribute, of their precarious income, to the maintenance of the ordinary or of the parish-priests of the diocese in which their convents were situated.

In the year immediately following, Boyle, earl of Cork, and Loftus, viscount Ely, were appointed lord's justices, in the absence of deputy Falkland, and these two unscrupulous persecutors availed themselves of their ample powers to harass the unfortunate Catholics, fining them for absenting themselves from the protestant churches, and having their children baptized by their legitimate pastors. Not satisfied with this mode of extortion, they gave a sort of roving commission to a staff of greedy officials, whom they styled "surveyors of bells and parish churches,"‡ empowering them to go through the country, in order to report "on the state of religious edifices;" and while on this tour of inspection, "*to cess themselves on the papists for chickens and bacon*, and to arrest all suspected dignitaries of the "Romish religion." On arriving in the neighbourhood of Kilmore, where, in virtue of their high powers, all the hen-roosts and hog-styes were placed under contribution, they were informed that Hugh O'Reilly, a popish bishop, had presumed to exercise his functions in that quarter, ordaining, confirming, and administering other sacraments; and they at once resolved to carry him to Dublin, if they could lay hands on such a

* He died at Multifernam, in 1607.

† Dease was a true friend to the religious orders, and to the Capuchins especially, for he empowered the latter to establish a convent in Drogheda—"in civitate nostra Pontanensi"—in 1635. In 1629 he and Dr. Fleming bore testimony to the great good which the said order effected in their respective dioceses; and it may not be out of place to quote here a portion of the archbishop's letter:—"Nos in Domino agnoscimus, et attestamus eos (Capucinos), tametsi paucos numero (quod satis dolendum est) haud solum ab odore suavi exemplaris vite, sed etiam ab actionis pie assiduo fructu esse laudatos passim, ita quod omne genus hominum per civitates et villas turmatim illos adeant."

‡ This office was created in Queen Elizabeth's time, and so highly were its emoluments prized by the "Reformers," that Sir Ralph Lane petitioned for it in 1596.

daring delinquent. The bishop, however, took refuge in the home-steads of his poor flock, and notwithstanding the temptation of large rewards, none could be got with enough baseness or treachery to surrender him to his enemies. How often, in those evil times, have the catholic prelates found, in the rude cabin of an Irish peasant, that shelter and protection which they could not hope to get within the moated mansions, inhabited by wealthy lords of their own communion! Another incident, which we cannot pretermit, will show that, at the period of which we are writing, the life or liberty of a catholic bishop weighed very lightly in the estimation of an English lord-deputy or his substitutes.

We must first, however, premise that the Pope, after a year's deliberation, resolved to confer the primacy on Hugh Kilmore, and that the bull sanctioning his translation to the archiepiscopal see reached Ireland, in 1627. Nevertheless, he did not exercise primatial jurisdiction before 1630, as the pallium was not sent to him till the last-named period, when he was succeeded in the see of Kilmore by Eugene Sweeney.* Let us now revert to the incident to which we have alluded.

When about to leave the scene of his earliest labours, Hugh, now archbishop elect of Armagh, asked Father Cahill, parish priest of SS. Michael and John to get a Dublin artist to make two seals,† one bearing the arms of Kilmore, for the newly-appointed bishop, the other for himself, with the insignia of the primacy. Cahill executed his commission, but no sooner were the lords justices made aware of this simple fact, which they regarded as an illegal assumption of ecclesiastical titles, than they issued their *lettre-de-cachet* for the arrest of the priest, whom, as they could not lay hands on the principal delinquent, they flung into the dungeon of Dublin Castle, from which he fortunately escaped after a lengthened imprisonment. We mention this circumstance solely to show how intolerant was the bigotry of the executive at the period, and how delighted those justices would have been to trample under foot such a dignitary as Hugh, archbishop of Armagh, had he had the misfortune to cross their path. As for the latter, be it told to his honour, he was not unmindful of what Cahill had suffered in his behalf; for, at a subsequent period, when the poor man was

* As we may not have opportunity to speak of this prelate again, suffice it to notice that he was educated at Rouen, where he received priest's orders, in 1618. After Cromwell's subjugation of Ireland, he fled to Dartry, and concealed himself in Glenenda, whither he was followed by multitudes of his poor flock. He was the only bishop who remained in Ireland during the protectorate and commonwealth. At the Restoration he was allowed to exercise his functions; and on the death of O'Reilly, he was appointed vice-primate. He held a synod at Bawn-buidhe, county Cavan, in 1669, and died in October of same year. Dr. Maxwell, the protestant bishop, allowed his remains to be buried in the cathedral of Kilmore, and this simple fact is a conclusive answer to the calumnies Bedell's biographer, who represents bishop Sweeney in the most odious light.

† The writer possesses the matrix of the seal used by Hugh O'Reilly, when vicar-apostolic of Kilmore. It is made of brass, and bears the O'Reilly arms with this legend, "Hugo Rellius Kilmoren. Vic. Apost." For this venerable relic Rev. Mr. O'Connell, president of Kilmore seminary, will accept M——'s grateful thanks.

entangled in some difficulties about canonical institution in his parish, the primate generously came to his rescue, and had him rehabilitated.*

On taking possession of the see of Armagh, O'Reilly's first act was to convoke a synod of his clergy at Drogheda, where, among other ordinances he enacted stringent laws against the use of chalices made of tin and other base metals; for the plunder of the churches and the confiscation of six counties in Ulster, after the attainder of the Earls, had impoverished both clergy and people, and compelled the former to celebrate the divine offices as best they could, and without strict observance of the rubric, as far as altar requirements were concerned. Another matter of no less interest to his pastoral vigilance was the depravation of morals then pervading all classes in the see of Armagh; for the new colonists, or "undertakers," as they were called, had imported with them vicious habits hitherto unknown to the Irish. To guard his poor flock against such corruption and contagion, O'Reilly laboured incessantly, and it was his good fortune to find that his efforts were crowned with success; for the survivors of the wars of Tyrone not only clung with fidelity to the religion of their fathers, but kept themselves uncontaminated by the profligate example of the planters, who had ousted them from their lands. While thus reforming the discipline of the clergy, and reconciling the dispossessed laity to their hard lot, O'Reilly had to proceed with greatest caution, frequently administering confirmation in the woods or on the hill-sides, and occasionally resorting to some sheeling improvised for the celebration of mass. Withal, in the face of those multiplied difficulties, he bore himself enduringly and courageously as beseemed a great archbishop, with the blood of an ancient and noble race in his veins. When the representatives of the old septs grew wrathful, and would have thought it not ill done to slay the "colonists," for whom they had been evicted from their rightful inheritance, he had only to instance the calamities which had befallen his own family and kindred, in order to stay the uplifted hand and angry blow; but when he addressed himself to their religious sensibilities, and showed that sufferings and oppressions have ever been the portion of the predestined, and that God, in his own good time might foreclose the term of endurance, they listened to him with reverence, and drew hope and comfort from his holy counsels. For fully eleven years before the rising of 1641, archbishop O'Reilly was obliged to discharge all the functions of his office as it were clandestinely; for, to say nothing of the anti-catholic settlers who were then scattered over Ulster, the principal towns of his see were garrisoned by troops, who, in their fanatic horror of prelacy of any denomination, would have deemed it a goodly act to imprison or hang him. We can, therefore, understand how it is that the foresaid term of his primacy is not characterized by any of those demonstrative proceedings which would have been inseparable from his dignity and position under other and better circumstances. There is, however, one fact connected with the early years of his archiepiscopal

* For many interesting particulars about this priest and the clergy of Dublin at this period, see Gilbert's Dublin.

government which we may not pass over—his earnest but unsuccessful attempt to have the Gregorian calendar universally observed, not only in his own diocese, but throughout all Ireland. In fact, he was the first Irish bishop who endeavoured to supplant the old Julian computation; but his efforts in that regard did not succeed, as the attempt was generally viewed in the light of a strange innovation.

Pretermittng all notice of the cruelties and bitter oppression which justified the Insurrection of 1641, we have only to state, that archbishop O'Reilly, like the other members of the Irish hierarchy, did his utmost to restrain the violence of the people, who would have wreaked vengeance on their persecutors, had they been left to their own wild instincts, at that momentous crisis. With Sir Phelim O'Neill and Magennis, lord Iveagh, he employed his great influence, urging them to keep the armed multitudes in check, and to prevent, as far as in them lay, the massacre and pillage of protestants. Such salutary restraint, enforced by the exhortations of the primate, produced most merciful results; for the northern chieftains, and the rude array they commanded at the first outbreak, respected him too much to violate the lessons of forbearance and charity which he perseveringly inculcated. It is not our province to deal with the gross misrepresentations which have been written of the conduct of the Irish insurgents at this period, or with the horrid calumnies heaped on the head of Phelim O'Neill and his followers, for they cannot stand the test of historical criticism; but we may safely assert, that archbishop O'Reilly's interposition saved many a life, and protected innumerable homesteads from fire and sword. Borlase, Temple, and others, have utterly ignored his interference on behalf of the protestant colonists, who were then wholly at the mercy of the insurgents; but we have only to repeat that the highly-coloured exaggerations of those lying writers would wear some show of truth, if *he* had not interposed his high authority to curb the fierce impulses of men who had become desperate by reason of the flagrant injustice to which they had been subjected in their religion and estates.

At length, when the revolution had spread through the midland and Munster provinces, and the lords of the pale found it necessary to arm for their lives and freedom of religion, archbishop O'Reilly bethought him that the movement might be shaped into a national organization, which, if supported by an efficient senate, treasury, and army, would be able to sustain the king against his enemies, and secure for the Irish catholics the repeal of all those cruel laws, which pressed so heavily on them since the apostacy of Henry VIII. This, indeed, was a grand idea, worthy the brain of a great statesman, and never since then, or before that period, has Ireland produced so great a prelate as he who originated the catholic confederacy.

Devoting all his energies to this grand object, primate O'Reilly convened a provincial synod at Kells, early in March, 1642, when the bishops declared that the war undertaken by the Irish people, for their king, religion, and country, was just and lawful. In the May following, he caused a *national synod*, composed of prelates and lay lords, to meet at Kilkenny,

where, after having ratified their former declaration, they framed an oath of association, to be taken by all their adherents, binding them to maintain the fundamental laws of Ireland, the free exercise of religion, and true allegiance to king Charles. Both synods were attended by the entire of the Irish hierarchy, either personally or by proxy, with the exception of Thomas Dease, bishop of Meath, whose eventful history is inseparably associated with that of Hugh, archbishop of Armagh.

The family of Dease is one of great antiquity in the county Westmeath, where they possessed considerable landed estates early in the fifteenth century. They were also seized of a goodly property in the county Cavan, and the head of the family, in 1596 and 1630, was Laurence Dease, father of Thomas, who, on the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the entire estate. This Thomas* was born in or about the year 1568, and from his earliest boyhood resolved to embrace the ecclesiastical profession. Having completed his studies at home, where he earned great reputation as a poet in the Celtic tongue, and made himself thoroughly master of classical literature, he was ordained priest, and then proceeded to Paris, where he graduated in theology, philosophy, and canon law, and was honoured with the title of doctor in each of these faculties. Paris was the first scene of his sacerdotal career, and in that city he devoted himself to the performance of the most irksome, yet charitable offices that could fall to the lot of a missionary priest. At length, his piety, learning, and gentle breeding made character for him at Rome, and Gregory XV. named him to the see of Meath. Dease was accordingly consecrated at Paris, in May, 1622, and arrived in Ireland towards the close of the following October. On taking possession of his diocese, he convened a synod of the clergy, and after exhorting them to co-operate with him in reforming many abuses then prevalent, he warned them of the necessity of proving themselves loyal subjects to the English government in all things compatible with conscience. Unqualified loyalty was the fixed and ruling principle of his life, and nothing would have been more paradoxical in his eyes than an attempt to subvert any government, no matter how despotic or unjust. If anything were wanting to heighten Dease's respect for English rule, at the period of which we are writing, he found it, doubtless, in his constant association with his maternal relative, Richard, tenth baron of Delvin, in whose mansion he resided for nearly twenty years after his elevation to the see of Meath. Delvin, it must be recollected, was, in his hot youth, "a rebel," but worked his reconciliation, and saved his estates by turning traitor to O'Neill and O'Donnell, with whom he had, according to his own confession, plotted, in 1607, to subvert the government of sir Arthur Chichester. Grown old and very religious, he regretted the past, and like many another *pardoned* revolutionist, found it safest policy to make a parade of his loyalty, and to denounce on all occasions the abettors of any attempt at insurrection. The interests of the prelate and the baron were in most respects identical, for both were zealous sons of holy Church, and

* St. Leger, the Jesuit, wrote a life of Thomas Dease.

both were in the peaceful enjoyment of a large estate. Religion counselled obedience to higher powers, and prudence suggested that neither of them ought to compromise a fair inheritance by manifesting discontent or sympathy with "the dispossessed," whose main object was to recover their forfeited lands. Dease, in fact, was one of those prelates, whom Rinnuccini describes so pitifully, we might almost say scornfully, as, "Timid, satisfied with mere toleration, and content at being allowed to perform their few functions privately, without mitre or vestments, thus preserving the substance of the faith, and keeping themselves clear of all risk."

Actuated by such sentiments, Dease preached submission and obedience to the constituted authorities, and in justice to the latter it must be admitted that they did not trouble themselves about him or his flock as long as they kept aloof from the insurrection. When, however, the people of Meath did take part in the general movement, Dease found that his pacific homilies had gone for nothing; for, notwithstanding his strenuous and praiseworthy efforts to save the residence and valuable library of Martin, protestant bishop of Meath, from destruction, the armed multitude, instead of obeying, told him that he had already overstepped his authority in dissuading them from marching to the assistance of Sir Phelim O'Neill, while the latter was besieging Drogheda. What we have now stated will account satisfactorily for Dease's reluctance to take any part in the organization set on foot by primate O'Reilly, whose summons to meet the prelates assembled at Cavan, Kilkenny, and Armagh, either in person or by proctor, he persistently disobeyed. The primate, however, won't not despair of gaining him and lord Delvin to the confederacy, till he had exhausted his last resource, which was to send Father James Nugent, a Cistercian friar of great reputation, to wait on and entreat them to join the movement. Fair words and gentle exhortations failing, Nugent was authorized to threaten both prelate and baron with the metropolitan's high displeasure; but before resorting to the latter alternative, he was instructed to employ all his powers of persuasion, in order to show that the newly-formed confederacy had within it every element that was required to ensure success and ultimate triumph. Vainly, however, did Nugent urge that Owen O'Neill, with a numerous staff of officers, who had distinguished themselves in the Low Countries, was coming home to supersede the fierce Sir Phelim, and to discipline the raw levies which had rallied round the latter; that Father Wadding was getting large subsidies from the cardinals at Rome, for prosecuting the war against the enemies of Catholicity and the king; that the Irish troops serving the crown of Spain had laid up at Antwerp a considerable supply of arms, purchased with the savings of their pay; and finally, that the pope countenanced the movement, nay, blessed it, and promised to sustain it. But all these arguments were lost on Dease, for, after remarking that the condition of a country is never so hopeless as when it has to trust to foreign invasion for redress of grievances; he shrugged his shoulders, and silenced the pleader by quoting that text in which divine wisdom rebukes the improvident and overweening—"Which of you having a mind to build a tower doth not first sit down and reckon the

charges that are necessary, whether he have wherewithal to finish it; or what king about to make war with another king, doth not first sit down and think whether he be able, with ten thousand, to meet him, that with twenty thousand, cometh against him?"

In fact, Dease looked on the whole project as imprudent and chimerical, and he consequently flouted it. Delvin, however, did not view it in this light, for, although Dease would fain persuade him that Nugent's threats were not to be heeded, the baron submitted to the primate's counsels, and *did* join the other lords of the Pale, if we may credit a contemporary narrative,* from the pen of one intimately acquainted with all the events of the period. The immediate consequence of Delvin's adhesion was an interruption of the friendship that had subsisted so long between him and Dease, who then betook himself to his mansion of Turbotston, where he resided constantly for many years afterwards.

Meanwhile, archbishop O'Reilly had the satisfaction of seeing the confederacy strong and prosperous, supported by a small fleet of its own, a strong army commanded by Irish generals, who had distinguished themselves abroad, and the sympathy of the pope and other continental catholic powers. In his capacity of spiritual peer he occasionally took part in the debates of the supreme council at Kilkenny, where he signed various commissions, and discharged other duties of his position. His diocese, however, engrossed most of his care, for he flattered himself that the organization, which was the work of his own brain, would eventually realize his highest hopes, and leave him free to superintend his spiritual charge, without involving him in political broils. But in this he was mistaken, for soon after the arrival of the nunzio, he began to discover that the chief lay members of the supreme council, nearly all of whom were either kinsmen or dependants of lord Ormond, had taken upon them, by virtue of some ancient privilege of the English crown in catholic times, to nominate bishops to the vacant Irish sees, without consulting him or asking his sanction. This assumption he deprecated in personal interviews with the nunzio, as well as in letters to that personage, but the latter, while ignoring any right of the supreme council, to interfere in such matters, undertook the whole trouble of reporting to Rome, on the comparative merits of the bishops-designate.† There can be no doubt that primate O'Reilly approved the nunzio's general policy, and regarded it in every sense as best adapted for remedying the many grievances which weighed so heavily on the Irish catholics, and for the removal of which they were now in arms. Owen O'Neill was the nunzio's favourite general, and this celebrated soldier was O'Reilly's kinsman: the Ulster forces were the staunchest of Rinuccini's adherents, and we need hardly say that the majority of them was recruited within the immediate jurisdiction of the primacy, on the hills and in the glens of Tyrone, where the traditions of Hugh O'Neill's victories, were not yet half a century old. In a word, the brain and strong arms on which the nunzio built all his hopes

* Aphorismical Discovery, (MS.).

† Nunz., p. 102.

of success belonged to the northern province, and decidedly the most influential and energetic man there at that period was the archbishop of Armagh. His own immediate relatives, and the followers of his ancient house, held high command and served in the confederate ranks, and so great was the reliance of the catholics on their valour and fidelity, that when Malmorra—surnamed the *Slasher*—was slain on the bridge of Fenagh,* (near Granard,) in an onfall of the Scotch covenanters, his kinsmen carried his corse to the old burying place, in the Franciscan convent of Cavan, and there raised a monument, with an epitaph which dolorously set forth that Ireland lay vanquished in the same grave with him—

“LECTOR NE CREDAS SOLUM PERIISSE MILONEM,
HOC NAM SUB TUMULO PATRIA VICTA JACET.”

It is almost superfluous to add that at Benburb,† the O'Reillys were in the forefront of that memorable battle, and that Philip (O'Reilly), Owen O'Neill's brother-in-law, and affined to the archbishop, with his array of stalwart pikemen, helped to achieve a victory unparalleled since the days of the “Great Hugh”—a victory, indeed, which, for a while, made the nunzio think that the object of his mission was accomplished, and established between him and the archbishop a reciprocal friendship which outlived hopes, reverses, and terrible disasters.

There is, however, another aspect of the archbishop's character, which shall evermore command the admiration of the Irish student and scholar, priest and layman. We mean his patronage and encouragement of Colgan, the poor Franciscan of Innishowen, who, in Louvain, at his instance, commenced and completed the “*Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*”—a work which will perpetuate the name of the author and his patron as long as men value great genius and profound literary research. Gracefully, indeed, has Colgan acknowledged his obligations to the archbishop, for he tells us that, “he cheered him on in his undertaking, and secured for him the sympathy and aid of his suffragans.” Colgan and his community were poor, and had not wherewithal to print the noble tome: but O'Reilly, in order to eternise the fame of the Irish saints, gave, out of his scant revenue, moneys for the publication, and had the happiness of seeing it inscribed with his own name. May we not imagine with what complacency he perused those pages in which Colgan so elegantly alludes to his princely origin, the renown of his ancestors in ancient times; their prowess in the

* Lord Castlehaven commanded at this encounter, which took place in 1644, and the monument to Miles “the Slasher” was extant till the close of last century.

† “Before the battle commenced,” says the author of the “*Discovery of Faction*,” “O'Neill addressed his troops, after they had recited the litany of the B. V., and received plenary indulgence from Egan, the chaplain general, thus:—‘If to shun death you fly, and leave your fellow-soldiers in action, you will be no better esteemed in the world than bloudie Cain, who murdered his own innocent brother Abel.’”

battle-field; their munificence to church and cloister; his own promotion to his native see of Kilmore, his elevation to the primacy, and the hereditary valour of his kinsmen, who, worthy of their sires, were then in arms for religion, king, and fatherland. This, indeed, was a patent of intellectual nobility which no monarch or king-at-arms could supply.*

Reluctant to take any part in the debates of the supreme council at Kilkenny, now that the nunzio was there with his paramount authority, archbishop O'Reilly devoted himself wholly to his diocese, from which the Scotch covenanters had fled to the sea-board, after the victory of Benburb. In fact, his see had greater attractions for him than the noisy arena of the senate, and he does not appear to have concerned himself with the proceedings of the latter, till the clergy rejected Ormond's thirty articles, at Waterford, in 1646, when he sent Edmond O'Teague, with full powers to act as his proctor, and subscribe the declaration by which the viceroy's peace-treaty was pronounced worse than useless. Thenceforth, that is till 1648, he seems to have been nothing more than a spectator of the events which crowded so alternately in that interval. Intelligence of the breach in the confederate council reached him from afar, and the only incident that could mitigate such calamities was the success that attended the arms of his kinsman, O'Neill, who, at the nunzio's summons, marched rapidly from Connaught into Leinster, and after beating Inchiquin and the parliamentary general, Jones, saved Kilkenny for the catholics. Those, however, were but momentary triumphs, valueless in their results, and nowise compensating for the division and discord that were fast breaking up the grand organization on which he had calculated so hopefully, but, alas! so falsely. Let us now leave him for a while, and resume our notice of Dease.

Inflexible in his egotism, this prelate kept aloof from the general movement, calmly watching passing events, tending his diocese under peculiar disadvantages, and looking to the goodly estate which he had inherited. In this comparative isolation he had grown very old† and feeble, so much so, that in 1646, the nunzio wrote to Rome, that he was on the point of death, and that he (Dease) was anxious that his nephew, Oliver, should be appointed coadjutor in the see of Meath. The nunzio's forebodings, however, were not realised, for, about six months after the date of that letter, he and the bishop were at variance about an appointment which the latter had made to the ancient monastery of Tristernagh. Dease collated one Gerald Tuite to the priory,

* *Tu enim tuis piis et frequentibus stimulis ad ipsum operose colligendum urgebas, aliosque suffragatores tui exemplo ad promovendum excitabas. . . . Omitto imprimis justas rationes debitæ nostræ propensionis in inclytam tuam. Ragallorum familiam ab origine eaque perantiqua potentem, in prænobili propagine amplam, in potentia et amplitudine illustrem; ex qua militiæ sacræ luculentissimæ facies, et prophanae strenuissimi duces semper consueverunt et hodie non desunt prodire quorum præclara facinora quæ et vetustiora secula noverunt, et nostra non reticet ætas hæc pagina non capit, nec tua cupit ostentari modestia. Hæc te tuæ promotionis inscium ad sedem Killmorensensem a tuis atavis ample datatam advexit; Inde invite extractum in Armachana sede collocavit. Præfat. in Acta. SS.*

† Nunz., p. 153.

but the nunzio, acting under instructions from Rome, resolved that that person should be removed, to make way for father Andrew Nugent, a Canon regular of St. Augustine, to which order the place belonged before the suppression of religious houses. This, however, was but a trifle compared to the charge which the nunzio laid at Dease's door, alleging that he and the bishop of Dromore had blown the coals of enmity between generals O'Neill and Preston, and so inflamed the mutual dislike of both, that Dublin was lost to the confederates by their want of union.*

Two years afterwards, that is in 1648, Dease grew more infirm, and made his will, when some one informed the nunzio that he was really *in extremis*, and beyond all hope. Hearing this, he wrote to Rome—"The bishop † of Meath died in his eightieth year, to the great advantage of this kingdom, for he was a man who held opinions little short of heretical; ‡ and old as he was, I was obliged to threaten him with a citation to present himself before the holy see."§ But, in about a month after the despatch of this angry missive, he discovered that he had been misinformed, and he thereon wrote again to Rome—"The bishop of Meath is *not* dead, but has been spared to try the patience of the good!" Dease, indeed, did recover, and when grown convalescent, proved himself more than ever contumacious to the nunzio. Oliver Dease, his nephew, it is true, subscribed the rejection of Ormond's peace, in 1646, but as for the bishop, his name does not appear in the proceedings of the confederates, till the nunzio published sentence of excommunication against all supporters of Inchiquin's treaty, in 1648. Foremost among the prelates who stood by that fatal measure was the archbishop of Armagh; but of all those who maintained that it was uncalled for, and ruinous to the common interest, none was more demonstrative or energetic than the bishop of Meath. With the nunzio were Owen O'Neill and his Ulster army, and arrayed against both were Preston and his Leinster forces. It was, in sooth, a sad battle, for on the same field were now arrayed against each other, soldiers and theologians, the cope against the corslet—the spiritual against the carnal weapon! No sooner, however, had the foresaid sentence appeared, than the party of the supreme council opposed to the nunzio drew up seven queries, touching the validity of the censures, and submitted them to Rothe, bishop of Ossory, that he might pronounce upon same, for quieting of their conscience and preservation of the commonweal. Rothe thereon returned his celebrated answer to said queries, and satisfied the opposition that the nunzio was in the wrong,

* They were subsequently reconciled by the nunzio, who caused them to sign an agreement, which concludes thus, "Fideliter observabo in omnibus Nuncii mandata, tanquam principalia motiva ad fovendos et preservandos nos in hac unione, ut melius in exaltatione causæ Dei procedatur."

† Nunz., p. p. 323—5.

‡ The nunzio regarded Dease as a *political* heretic, because the latter dissented from his extreme views, and clung to the doctrine of expediency; and as there was nothing to justify an imputation on the bishop's orthodoxy, we must attribute the harsh expression in the letter we have quoted to an ebullition of temper, from which even good men are not always exempt.

§ Nunz., 327.

and had exceeded his powers. But in order that nothing should be wanting to confirm this pronouncement, Rothe submitted his decision to Dease, who, after maturely weighing all the arguments and objections advanced by his friend, signed a public instrument, in which he declared that the nunzio's excommunication was null and void, *natura sua*, as well as by reason of the appeal which had been forwarded to Rome. In a word, Dease treated the nunzio's sentence with contempt, and decided that Ossory's "Answers" should be published, "as conducive to the interests of the crown, and inculcating true allegiance to the civil government, according to the laws of God and his Church."

In this conflict of opinions and arms the year 1648 wore out, and in February of the following year, the nunzio set sail from Ireland, leaving behind him a people whose utter want of cohesion could not but involve them in speedy ruin. To avert the latter, Ormond had been recalled to take the reins of government in Ireland; and nine bishops, trusting to his promise of protection for religion, life, and estate, issued circular letters to their respective dioceses, exhorting the people to support the viceroy, who, to use their own language, was sure to win "the green laurel of peace" and to triumph over the Cromwellians. De Burgo, archbishop of Tuam, was at the head of this party, and Dease, among others, followed in that dignitary's wake.

The primate, we need hardly say, objected to those proceedings, and kept himself apart from the bishops who had gone over to Ormond and made light of the nunzio's commands. Alas! a bitterer and more heavy affliction than their defection had come upon him in the midst of this turmoil, for on the sixth of November, (1649,) Owen O'Neill died (not of poison)* but of gout, in the castle of Philip O'Reilly, at Cloughonter, where, in the words of his secretary, "He resigned his soul to God, a true child of the catholic religion, in full sense and memory, many of both secular and regular clergy assisting him in such a doubtful transit." As soon, however, as the primate had bestowed the last honours on the great defunct, and seen him laid in the cemetery of the Franciscan monastery of Cavan, he hastened to Clonmacnoise, to preside at a synod of nineteen prelates, assembled under the shadow of that venerable ruin, when he subscribed a pro-

* The poisoning of Owen Roe is one of the many foolish fictions which disfigure Irish history; and it is sad to think that so horrid a crime should have been attributed to a Plunket of Louth, who, we may presume, was a Catholic. The story, however, is founded on the statement of an Englishman, who told it to Colonel Henry O'Neill, as we learn from the Journal of the latter, who gives it as he heard it, without vouching for its truth. We may add, that many of Owen's clansmen did not believe that he could die at a time when his aid was most needed; for, as his secretary tells us, "Some deemed that God, in his clemency, would not deal so straight with this land as to bereave it of its only champion—the world rather being unworthy of so good a masterpiece—and therefore fancied that he was lulled to sleep, and snatched away to some secret corner of the world, as another Elias, to keep him there for future, better purposes; the ground of this surmise being that sleep and death are brothers, and, therefore, not easy to discern between both, other than by the effects."—Aph. Discovery.

clamation, beseeching the Irish people to unite for the preservation of their religion, king, and country. But such appeals to patriotism and loyalty were of little avail, for Cromwell had already won Dublin, Drogheda, Wexford, and other great advantages. Withal, the archbishop, hoping against hope, presided at other synods, convened for the same purpose, at Loughreagh and in Jamestown, (in 1650,) and in the last of these he was appointed one of the commissioners who undertook to make a final effort for religion, king, and country. The prelates with whom he acted had selected Galway as the safest place for their deliberations, and he remained there for a brief space, taking part in the councils of his colleagues, who now saw no remedy for Ireland except the protectorate so generously offered by the catholic duke of Lorraine, and which, we need hardly observe, was repudiated by the advisers of Charles the Second, who would sooner see Cromwell master of the whole island, than any catholic potentate. Having set this negotiation on foot, he empowered O'Cullenan, bishop of Raphoe, to sign for him as his proctor, and then took his departure for Trinity Island, in Lough Erne, where, after closing a life of saddest reverses, he resigned his soul to God, A.D. 1652, *Æt.* 72. Some generous friends, who consoled his last moments, thought it a pity to leave his remains far away from the old Franciscan monastery of Cavan, and they accordingly had them removed unostentatiously, and interred in the same grave with Owen O'Neill and Miles, surnamed the "Slasher." Surely it was well thought to lay the bones of so true a prelate in the same soil with the great chieftains of his own race and kindred!

One year before O'Reilly's decease, Dease, died tranquilly* in the Jesuit's house at Galway, for he had fled to that city for refuge, thinking that his friend and henchman, general Preston, would be able to hold it against the parliamentarians. Fully satisfied with his past political life, he declared, in his last moments, that he had nothing to regret or to retract, and thus he passed away, after having received all the sacraments of the Church, and made his will, in which he provided for the future wants of his diocese, by leaving money for the education of clerics or, as he calls them "churchmen," who, it would appear, were to be members of his own

* On Dease's death, it would appear that the primate determined to remove Oliver Dease from the vicar-generalship, on account of his opposition to the nunzio's censures. O'Neill's secretary gives us the following particulars on this subject:—"The Primate, to invite this prodigal child to his soul's salvation, did send for him, and being come, gave him two months to continue said office, to work his reflection in the interim, telling him withal, in default thereof his Grace would provide another chapter till his Holiness's pleasure was known, for in that diocese there is no chapter to look to such matters according to the canons. The time appointed being come, and Dease growing more stubborn, refusing to appear when cited, and following in the steps of his said uncle, the primate, seeing his incapacity for all ecclesiastical dignities, by reason of the many censures, did nominate Father Antony Geoghegan, prior of Conalmore, vicar-general of the diocese of Meath till the further pleasure of his Holiness was known." Dr. Oliver Dease, however, was ultimately restored to his dignity, for we find him vicar-general of the diocese of Meath in 1671.—v. Hib. Dom., p. 130.

ancient and honoured house. Whatever his errors may have been, there can be no doubt that he was a learned and zealous pastor, and those who differed with and survived him had reason to admit that his application of the Gospel parable was not altogether mistaken. His remains, followed by the Jesuits, to whom he was a benefactor, were interred under the threshold of the sacristy of the collegiate church of St. Nicholas, Galway, where his friend and admirer, Sir Richard Bellings, raised to his memory a monument, for which he composed the following inscription—

“IN LACHEYMAS OCULOS HIBERNIA SOLVE CADATQUE
 HÆC HECATOMBE SUPER PRÆSULIS OSSA TUI
 HIC PIUS HIC PRUDENS REGI SUA JURA DEOQUE
 REDDERE CALLEBAT DOCTUS UTROQUE FORO
 BELLA FIDEM REGNUM CÆCO DISCRIMINE CUNCTA
 MISCEBANT FIXA SED STETIT ILLA PETRA
 LÆTA ILLI GRAVITAS ET MENTIS AMABILE PONDUS
 ELOQUIO DULCIS GRANDIS ET INGENIO
 INTERNE VULTUS RUTILABAT GRATIA FLAMMÆ
 ILLI ARDENS ZELUS SED RATIONE SAGAX
 EXTRA TALIS ERAT LUBERET PENETRARE SED INTUS
 OCCURRET SERAPHIM COR IN IGNE MICANS
 TANTA ILLI CASTÆ SEMPER CUSTODIA MENTIS
 UT LIBARE DEO PROMPTUS UBIQUE FORET
 SI FLETU POSSET REVOCARI TALIS IN AURAS
 PRÆSUL IN ÆTERNUM LUMEN UTRUMQUE FLERET.”

M.

A FLEMISH KERMESSE.

A KERMESSE in Belgium differs essentially from an Irish fair or a French fête, though partaking a little of the nature of both these gatherings. The stolid, pacific character of the Belgians, removes much of the resemblance to an Irish fair that might be expected to exist, for fair and Kermesse mean nearly the same thing, except that for the latter there is no particular cause, except that of pleasure-seeking. Almost every village of any consideration in Belgium holds its Kermesse once a year—generally on the feast of its patron saint, or on the anniversary of the birth of some celebrated hero or author, unknown out of Flanders, or it may be unknown out of the *commune*, which had the honour of being his birthplace.

On the Kermesse day, showmen of various sorts, such as may be seen in abundance at any English fair or race-course, flock in in numbers, according to the importance of the place. But there are also to be seen people and sights, certainly not to be found in England or Ireland, and it is to give some idea of the appearance of one of the oldest looking, and most celebrate of the Flemish towns, during the stir caused by its grand annual

Kermesse, that we purpose writing this sketch for the amusement of stay-at-home readers.

Towards the end of the month of April, the old town of B ——— assumes an aspect totally at variance with that which it presents during the other months of the year. In a short time, the quiet Grande Place, with its overshadowing belfry, springing straight and slender from the old-fashioned hall, is all alive with a stir and a bustle, quite foreign to it. The very carillons send from their tower a livelier strain when sounding out "La Vivandière;" every day some new arrivals make their appearance, and railroads, wagons, and canal-boats carry to the town their various burthens of caravans and shows, attending which is to form the chief occupation of the B ——— population, during the ensuing month of May. There is a noise of voices, a hammering of nails, a mysterious movement constantly going on, which causes a refreshing excitement to the mind of the beer-swollen shopkeeper, who stands at his door, vainly surmising what each booth may be intended to contain. He anxiously gazes at the sky, hoping to find favourable prognostics of the state of the weather, for the opening day of the Kermesse—the first Monday after the third of May. On that day there will be a solemn religious procession through the streets. The relic of the town, a portion of the precious Blood of our Lord, the boasted possession of this town, since the time of one of the earliest Crusades, will be carried through the streets, which, for many years back, have formed the route. This same route becomes a very favourite pilgrimage after Easter with the good burgesses of the town of B ———, as well as with the countrypeople, who flock in from the adjacent villages and communes every Saturday, to the market.

But the time is drawing very close, and menageries, famous dwarfs, and shows of every description, arrive in constantly increasing density. It cannot be first come first served with them, as each famous caravan takes up its position year after year in the same place. The town fills rapidly with strange faces, tanned and swarthy, fit examples of the real continental Bohemian, such as are rarely seen in the United Kingdom. The smaller shows may be seen from the time of their arrival in all the principal streets, displaying their various feats to an admiring crowd of soldiers and other street idlers. The old, half-terror, half-friend of our own juvenile days is here to be seen, the name only being changed and Janje Claes and Marie Louise enjoying here the same popularity, that their English brother and sister, Punch and Judy, can boast of at any English fair or race-course.

The Grande Place is now totally divested of its ordinary appearance, having become in itself, a town of wooden huts, bewildering in its almost inexplorable labyrinth. Great curiosity is excited by the arrival of the different vans; several, however, are old friends, which take up the same position every year, and always present the same exterior. Such are the Antwerp Frittershop, the temptations of Saint Anthony, the Dutch cake shop, and others, too numerous to mention here. In the square courtyard, formed by the quadrangular building of the halles, are collected the various merchants of bijouterie, china, and other fancy and useful articles.

In the long public hall of the above named building, many of the shopkeepers of the town have established themselves; here also are to be seen, one of the great attractions of the Kermesse, the Tyrolean women who return every year, as regularly as May itself, to dispose of their far-famed carved wood and ivory work.

Frantic efforts are now being made to have all ready in time. In the hurry, many secrets are discovered to the gaze of the curious idlers gathered in groups, and indulging in the favourite occupation of the Belgian populace—gazing, without being obliged to assist, and without having their poor brains fatigued by any exertion. Prince Colibri's mansion is in course of erection at the north corner of the square. The anxiety of the proprietors of this particular show, has made them overlook the fact that a large corner the canvass screen has fallen aside, giving a splendid view to the excited (taking the Belgian sense of that word) populace, of the magnificent chariot of the prince.

The "Unrivalled company of Arab acrobats" is also affording much amusement in its careless haste. The *madame* of the troupe, interrupted while trying on her finery, hastily flits through the curtains of the tent, and in her passage to her travelling house shows off her ballet dress to much advantage, displaying at the same time a pair of legs more strong and useful-looking than refined or elegant. This stout lady acrobat causes unconsciously great amusement during the Kermesse, her invincible industry conquering her fat—for certainly she is very fat. She is carpenter, messenger, money-taker, etc., constantly in a flurry, and always giving evident signs of intense suffering from the heat.

The Saturday previous to the grand opening day, the town is crowded with peasants from far and near, come into market and to wait for the opening of the Kermesse. A walk through the market this day would prove most interesting to a milliner, for the caps of the peasant women display an ingenuity and originality of structure, certainly not to be seen out of Flanders, or the Low Countries. Some sit close to the head with an immense protruding border of handsome lace, more than four inches wide, evenly quilled, and going quite round the face and under the chin. It is, indeed, a marvel how the wearers can eat without tossing the quills; not a little wire is required in the construction of this style. Others have two protruding horns of lace, which stand out quite stiff over the eyes, the rest of the cap being cut away from the ears and jaws. Again, here is a dame sailing along with her basket and blue umbrella, the two indispensable companions of a Flemish peasant. Her cap is flat and borderless at the top, but with two long lace lappets pendant on her shoulders. Pink calico caps are in abundance, made in a very peculiar shape, no border, and with an immense round behind like a moon of pink calico. Most of these peasant women, the old ones especially, are resplendent in real lace and diamonds, such as a duchess might covet. Diamond earrings and crosses, half-hidden by coarse woollen shawls, abound, and I have seen a heavy gold chain twisted round and round the neck of a scraggy old woman, with a basketful of carrots on one arm, and the usual blue cotton umbrella

under the other. The Flemish peasants do not, or will not, trust the banks; they, therefore, invest all their wealth in jewellery, which they carry on their persons, and which forms the wealth and inheritance of families.

The more than usual crowds of bargainners, gazers, itinerant merchants, and pilgrims, render it almost impossible to pass through the streets this Saturday. We must say a word about the pilgrims. It has already been stated that the streets through which the procession of the Holy Blood passes become a much frequented pilgrimage about this time of the year. Whatever enlightened cynics may say to the contrary, it is a really edifying sight to watch the earnest simple faces, so intent on their prayers through all the din and confusion of the streets. The pilgrims go in groups or alone, as the case may be, the men bare-headed, and all with rosaries in their hands. They are never interrupted or annoyed, for here the whole proceeding is looked on as a matter of course. The day passes on, and Sunday comes and goes—a day of general promenade and display of dress, but the great display of Flemish toilettes is reserved for Monday, decidedly the greatest day in the year.

On Monday, we took our places early in a window of one of the principal streets. The procession was not expected to pass until eleven or twelve, but we wanted to see the innumerable detachments passing from the various religious houses and churches to the cathedral, where the procession would form. While waiting for the small processions, we did not find the time hang heavy on our hands, for we were well occupied and amused by the sights and scenes of the crowded street below. The beauties of B——, and it is famed for its pretty women, come out in all their summer splendour—no girl, of however low a class, but could boast to-day of a new cap. The town girls, as distinct from the peasants, do not confine themselves to a particular colour or shape. This day, therefore, they appeared in tulle caps, with various knots and bows, or in pretty white muslin ones, covered with work and narrow lace. As the straight black cloak, universally worn here by the lower classes, completely hides the dress, the cap is the principal attraction; however, a neat black silk apron is considered to give great additional dressiness to the toilette.

The weather was splendid—most propitious for the summer toilettes—and the street below looked bright and happy. First came the Capuchin fathers. As they passed one could almost have fancied oneself transported back to the middle ages, which the antique appearance of the high-gabled houses kept ever before the mind. But now the monks with their sandaled feet, shaven heads, and long beards, give additional character to the scene. There were about sixteen in number walking two and two, preceded by a hoary old lay-brother, bearing the large red cross, with lance and wand, the standard of their order. This procession struck us most forcibly as it was a scene not even to be imagined in England. Immediately following our favourite old Capuchins came a long line of children, in white muslin dresses and veils and blue sashes. Alas, for our picture of mediæval ages! the wide crinoline and hair a l'impératrice of these young ladies dispelled all our dreams in one moment. Then came St.

John the Baptist, personated by a pretty little boy of about six years of age. He appeared in little pink tights and vest, with a sheep-skin fastened over one shoulder and under the other. In one hand he carried a little rough wooden cross, and with the other he led the traditional lamb by means of a most untraditional broad pink ribbon. This group was exceedingly pretty. The boy was too young to think of acting his part, and his pretty simple face required no aid to make him really personate the infant St. John.

All the other processions from the different churches passed then in quick succession, each with the peculiarly venerated statue of its church or parish. All these statues dressed with the intensest magnificence, the velvet mantles with gold-embroidered borders, studded with precious stones, attracting general admiration. The statues themselves were of uniform ugliness. The priests and dignitaries would gladly substitute the white marble or plaster images, which add so much to the decoration of a church, but the townsfolk and peasants are so attached to these old figures, which date from many centuries back, that the least attempt at change causes murmur and discontent.

The Cuirassier band, which was to precede the procession, passed next; and the big bell of the cathedral, which was tolling all the time, having ceased, we knew that the High Mass had commenced. After about three-quarters of an hour the bell recommenced, giving notice that the procession was forming, and then a burst of music from the cuirassiers told us that the procession was emerging from the church. The acolytes appeared first in their white surplices and long red soutanes, then the canons of the cathedral, intoning a hymn. The sisters of St. Vincent, with their long school of female orphans, the Bogært school and the St. Vincent boys came next. These last were about thirty in number, and each bore a handsome banner of their patron saint. They are all English or Irish boys, educated by a worthy English gentleman, who has devoted time and fortune to this work of charity.

Various were the banners sprinkled through these schools; it would be utterly impossible to enumerate them, for they amounted almost to hundreds. The religious part of the procession was closed by a number of priests bare-headed, two of whom carried the shrine containing the relic; several companies of infantry followed, who at intervals took up the music. The procession was immensely long, and took fully half an hour to defile before our windows, the bands being so far apart that all might have played together without producing any want of harmony.

The immense circuit of streets was at length accomplished, and benediction with the relic given at the altar erected for the occasion in the Place de la Bourg. All was now almost over, and the shrine was conveyed to the chapel of deposit, only a few paces distant, in the corner of the Place de la Bourg. The great excitement of the morning being now at an end, we walked quietly back to the Grand Place, where the "baragues" were in great force—everybody and everything giving full evidence of the intended month's enjoyment. Each "baraque" could boast of at least one musical instrument, and as they all played their chosen airs simultaneously, each

vicing with its neighbour to make the greatest noise—the effect can be more easily imagined than described. On the platform raised in front of each booth was also an orator, who looked exceedingly affected by the heat of his arguments—not to say the heat of the weather—which seemed to lie principally in the strength of his voice. The first “baraque” to be seen was that containing a series of moving pictures, portraying the passion of our Lord, though in England or Ireland such an exhibition would not be tolerated, as it would give rise to frightful profanity, it is looked upon here as a simple exposition of the gospel. Certainly, this particular booth was one of those most patronized, and as from time to time crowds issued from the performance, it was pleasing to observe that on no face was there to be seen the least approach to a joke or a sneer. The booth of which we have been speaking did not confine itself to these serious tableaux. After them was introduced a species of ballet, in which figured the stont lady mentioned towards the beginning of this sketch. We moved on then, and passing some smaller sheds devoted to roulette-tables, &c., we came to a show that holds a high place in the estimation of the B—— populace. The old Catholic legend of St. Anthony is here depicted, having undergone rather a curious transformation in its course of dramatising. The priests here strictly forbid their flocks to attend this performance, as it is rather calculated to lessen their respect for religion. The large, coarsely-painted pictures hanging outside are, however, too tempting in their delineations of devils of all shapes and sizes, whose appearance seems to promise extraordinary scenes, and the exhortations of the clergy are for the most part unavailing. The young and giddy of both sexes flock in, and at the conclusion of the performance, which lasts about twenty minutes, they emerge on the broad grin. Magicians, wonderful children, bearded women, photographic studies, followed in succession as we went round the market-place; but the hot sun conquered our desire of sight-seeing, and we returned home until evening, when some of the good shows would be in their splendour. About eight o’clock, accordingly, we set forth again, this time accompanied by a numerous party of children, to whom had been promised a ride on the “grand whirligig.” But though urgently coaxed on by the children to this great attraction, we could not resist first satisfying our curiosity by watching the operations carried on in the long line of “fritter shops,” which occupied almost one entire side of the square. Perhaps, to a Fleming, the scene was nothing extraordinary, for every year these “fritter shops” take up the same position during the Kermesse, and to judge from their crowded attendance, they seemed to be considered one of the standard enjoyments that every one should visit, in order to have “done” the Kermesse thoroughly. We, however, found amusement, for a quarter of an hour, watching the proceedings from outside. We had stopped opposite the grandest, which was a long and very deep wooden booth, left almost entirely open in front. Down the centre was a range of large, handsome stoves, and by each stove stood a pail of what cooks term batter. At each side of the booth was a line of stalls, or double seats, like boxes in a tavern, with curtains arranged at the centre of each stall, in such a manner

that persons standing in the centre part could not distinguish the occupants. Two or three women, smartly dressed, stood at counters, with vases of powdered white sugar, to be dusted over each fritter before it is handed to the purchaser. A man, dressed as a French cook, sat before one of the stoves, having the pail of batter on one side, and a stand of instruments like tongs, with large oblong ends, on the other. The stove-fire burned briskly, and we watched him with curiosity, as he seized one of the tongs, opened it with a jerk, poured in a ladleful of batter, clapped the tongs again, gave it a shake to spread the contents evenly inside, and pushed it into the fire. This process he repeated until he had ten tongs at once in the fire; by that time the first one was ready to be withdrawn; out it was pulled, a slight shake to loosen the cake, the tongs were opened, and the fritter, a thin, oblong cake, very crisp, was deposited gently, but rapidly, on a dish near at hand; the tongs were then refilled, and placed in the fire; then number two taken out, and so on. In the time we have taken to describe the process, the cook would have had a pile of fritters, ready to be carried off by the waiter to the damozels with the sugar, thence to be dispensed among the fastidious purchasers. There, six or eight stoves almost constantly in full operation, the noise was a continual clapping of the tongs, a sharp, slight sound, which was not disagreeable, and to which the ear soon became accustomed. Over this booth were the words, "*Le roi des fritures*," which last word has, perhaps, been incorrectly translated *fritters*, as I believe fritters, in English, mean cakes with jam of some kind in their composition. There also was a representation of a Chinese mandarin, with his legs round his neck, rather an undignified position for a celestial, and a rebus, (in music) which was to be read as "*C'est ici*." This fritter shop, though the grandest, had a rival placed very near, in a Dutch establishment of the same kind, the lady of which bore her native head-dress, which being rather curious, attracted many to her shop. It consisted of a wide, flat gold band, which fitted close round her head, quite concealing her hair, and confining two wide, handsome lace lappets, which fell down on her cheek at each side. She spoke Dutch and French, with a modicum of Flemish, just enough to be able to attend to the lower class of customers, who also came in numbers to buy and eat fritters. Both these booths were gayest at night, for the insides were tastefully decorated with mirrors and pictures, and brilliantly lighted up with gas. In the evening, too, coffee, beer, and wine could be obtained, and as half-an-hour in one of the fritter shops was considered the correct way to finish off an evening of sight-seeing, the scene at about nine or ten o'clock was very gay. Having driven the children nearly to distraction by stopping so long at these places, we at last allowed ourselves to be dragged off to the wonderful "merry-go-round." This was a large, round tent, hung alternately with mirrors and pictures, and lighted up by innumerable coloured lamps. There were two rows of carriages, covered in scarlet cloth, with bells hung from the corners, intended, we may suppose, to add to the din. Horses and steam-engines were also there for the enterprising. In one of the carriages sat four mer. who played on as many loud instruments as they

could possibly manage, during the whirling of the whole affair. All was set in motion by a poor white horse, who trotted round and round most indefatigably from morning till night, we might almost say without cessation, during the whole time the Kermesse lasted. His long apprenticeship seemed to have succeeded in rendering him quite insensible to megrim or dizziness. Not so with us, who stood by while the young folks were enjoying their ride. A few minutes reduced us almost to a state of stupefaction from the noise and motion going on. Soon everything in the square seemed to join in the dance; even the stiff old tower, which stood looking down from its obscure height on the noise and bustle of the square below, seemed to bow and nod, as if about to totter, leap down, and join in the universal merry-go-round. At length, a signal was given, and the whole machinery stopped, and we made our way as best we could from this "scene of delight." It was amazing to see the numbers of old men and women who crowded up to "go a round." How their old bones could possibly survive the jolting was indeed a mystery.

It would seem as if the Flemings kept all the activity and jollity of their nature for this one month. The gay and stirring look which the town of B—— assumes at the commencement of May goes on increasing until the close of the month, when the shows and caravans pack up to travel off to some other Kermessing town. Towards the first of June the Grande Place of B—— presents an appearance similar to that of a grand banquetting hall, after the feast is over. The remnants of the past dissipation alone are there to give evidence that the present tranquillity is of but recent date. Half pulled-down booths, dirty canvass, orange peels, &c., testify that the people of B—— have really been allowing themselves a spell of amusement; but, with the close of the month, they have retired again to their accustomed quiet life, the town again relapses into its usual dreamy tranquillity, and nothing more of any great note breaks the monotony, until the next advent of its "Annual May Kermesse."

GLIMPSES OF THE SHANNON.

CONCLUDED.

BY W. F. WAKEMAN.

AFTER passing the Holy Island, or "Inis-Cealtra," as the venerable locality is still styled by the Irish-speaking people of the district, the tourist is usually attracted by a grand range of mountains overhanging Killaloe. Upon the right loom Sleive Beragh, Ballycuggeren, and the Crag mountains; upon the left is Thomthinnia, sloping abruptly to the shore of the lake, where

"Just a trace of silver sand
Shows where the waters meet the land."

This mountain, stern and desolate as it may appear, is still a rich mine of wealth as a slate quarry, and if fairly worked would, perhaps, exceed Valentia in the value of its produce. The scene now narrows, and the traveller might imagine himself entering a haven after a regular sea voyage, for he has now steamed through a lake more than twenty miles in length, and at one point thirteen miles in breadth. Just before his vessel can reach her moorings at Killaloe, any tourist with an eye for objects of antiquarian interest, must notice upon the right a huge mound, strongly intrenched and planted with graceful trees. This, reader, is all that remains of the bard-sung palace of Kincora—a palace and fortress from the earliest period of Irish history; and famous in our annals and in traditions, as having been the residence of Brian Boroimhe, the victor of Clontarf. The place now so desolate is often referred to in Irish history, and if it is difficult to reconcile the present remains with tales of former magnificence, let us recollect how many ages have passed since the works were destroyed by Domnall MacAdgail, in the time of Murtoigh, the grandson of Brian. The fort consists of a huge mound, evidently artificial, upon which, no doubt, the ancient citadel stood; this is surrounded by several concentric walls and ditches of very formidable proportions, the whole constituting a splendid rath, certainly the finest at present to be found in the south of Ireland. A lamentation for the ruin of Kincora, by the friend and secretary of Brian Boroimhe, the poet Mac Liag, is still extant. Unhappily, it is better known to the mass of Irish readers through the beautiful translation by Mangan, than in its original form. These bards, by-the-bye, seem to have been made of sterner stuff than that which characterises, at least, the majority of their successors in these degenerate times. The following extract from the "Four Masters," as translated by O'Donovan, will, we believe, show the importance once attached to the office or calling of poet, even at a period subsequent to the Anglo-Norman invasion.

"A.D. 1213, Fin O'Brolloghan, the steward of *O'Donnell*, (*Donall Mor.*) went to Connaught to collect O'Donnell's tribute. He first went to Carbria of Drumcliffe, and there, at his house, at *Lisan Doill O'Daly*, he visited the poet Muireadhach, (*Murray*), to whom he conveyed his message. Upon coming into the poet's presence, he betrayed symptoms of fear, uneasiness, and caution, (for his lord had advised him to beware of the poet,) Murray became enraged at his appearance, and seizing a sharp axe, he struck and slew him on the spot, and then fled into Clanrickard, from fear of O'Donnell. When O'Donnell obtained intelligence of this, he arrived at Derry Donnell, (a place in Clanrickard, signifying *O'Donnell's Oak Grove*, so called because O'Donnell had encamped there for a night,) and proceeded to devastate the country by fire and sword, until MacWilliam de Burgo at last submitted to him. Before de Burgo submitted he informed Muireadhach that he was no longer able to protect him, whereupon the poet fled into Thomond, and placed himself under the protection of Donogh Cairbreach O'Brien; O'Donnell pursued him, and proceeded to plunder and lay waste that country also, whereupon O'Brien ordered Murray to fly into Limerick, whither O'Donnell followed, and pitching his

camp in Money-donnell, (so called from that circumstance,) laid siege to Limerick, upon which, the inhabitants of Limerick, at O'Donnell's command, expelled Muireadhach, who received no protection until he arrived in Dublin."

"O'Donnell having performed the visitation of all Connaught, and receiving his tribute from them, returned safe home. Upon his return he immediately mustered another army, and marching to Dublin, compelled the inhabitants to expel Muireadhach to Scotland. Here the poet, while in exile, composed three poems in praise of O'Donnell, and requesting pardon and peace of him. The third of these poems commences—

"Oh! Donnell, hand of peace."

O'Donnell, being moved at the excellence of his poems, "received him to mercy, and gave him lands and protection." Not so bad for the poet, after all, though, no doubt, an ugly thought would sometimes come, at the burnings and sieges which his crime had caused. Leaving the old palace of the Dalcassians, "of the golden swords," by which term is meant, golden-hilted swords, (our antiquarian collection at the Royal Irish Academy contains several swords of about the period of Brian, the hilts of which are plated with silver or gold,) we soon enter the city of Killaloe, conspicuous for its venerable cathedral tower, which, at first sight, suggests the idea of a fortress rather than that of a belfry. The scene here is one of the most varied and beautiful on the Shannon. The district, as far as the eye can reach, was for ages a chief hold of the kingly family of O'Brien, and is associated with great names and heroic deeds. In the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, Killaloe holds a most conspicuous place. Here, in the sixth century, Saint Molua, grandson of Cocha Baildearg founded an abbey, which, in course of time, became the head of a bishop's see. The architectural peculiarities of the present cathedral indicate a period not earlier than the close of the twelfth century. The structure is cruciform, with a massive embattled tower at the intersection. In their character and details, the windows and other features of the church, exhibit generally fine examples of the earliest pointed form, generally miscalled "*Gothic*;" but a doorway, now stopped up with solid masonry, and usually, but erroneously, called the tomb of O'Brien, a rebuilder of the cathedral, must be regarded as a noble specimen of true Norman work. It is composed of several concentric semi-circular arches, ornamented with chevron and other well-known Norman mouldings. In the immediate neighbourhood of the cathedral is an edifice, styled, "St. Molua's Chapel," which has long occupied the attention of antiquarian writers. The plan of this singular building was originally a nave and choir, of which the former only remains. It is of an oblong form, and was entered by a semi-circularly headed doorway, of exquisite workmanship, placed in the centre of the west gable. Access to the choir was gained by an arch of similar form, and with inclined sides, which still remains quite perfect. The most remarkable feature is the stone roof, so indicative of very high antiquity, and which occurs in but a few instances in Ireland. An attentive examination of St.

Molua's Chapel will well repay the student of ecclesiastic architecture. It was ancient at the time of the erection of the adjoining cathedral, now in its seventh century of existence, but, nevertheless, it is not the earliest remaining edifice of the several for which Killaloe was anciently famous. A beautiful wooded island, lying not far from the bridge, on the Limerick side, and nearly opposite the residence of the Protestant bishop, contains the ruins of a church, as old, perhaps, as any in Western Europe. It consists of a nave and choir, both of which were originally stone-roofed. Unfortunately, the west gable, which contained a square-headed doorway, ornamented with a flat projecting band, running round the exterior face of the opening, was destroyed, some years since, by a storm. But for this accident, the church would constitute one of the most perfect, as well as beautiful, of our oldest Christian remains. It is, beyond doubt, the original "*Teampull*" of Killaloe, and, as the stones of the doorway were still there at the time of our visit, we could not forbear thinking how well it would be, if this beautiful and characteristic relic of Irish architecture, at its most interesting period, were preserved, and appropriated to some sacred edifice of modern times.

The exquisite beauty of the scene round this little island surpasses description. Here the Shannon, as if indignant at any impediment, foams and chafes in a thousand rapids. This is the very paradise of the angler, where, with propitious weather, and the water tinted with that so much-prized beerish hue, he may calculate on making a successful raid upon the tribes of the lusty gillaroo, or not more powerful salmon, for the former (a trout,) has not unfrequently been captured, weighing 40lbs. and upwards. Think of this, ye anglers for perch, roach, and gudgeon, and who still consider that you rightly claim the name and style of fishermen and sportsmen! Leaving Killaloe, the next point of interest is O'Brien's Bridge, a structure of very ancient date, connecting the counties of Limerick and Clare. This bridge—an erection, as its name implies, of one of the royal house of Thomond—has often been the scene of sanguinary conflicts. In 1556, it was partially destroyed by the Earl of Ormond, since which period there have been so many additions and restorations, that but little of the original structure can be said to remain. "Man may come, and man may go," as the poet sings, but still the "river flows on for ever;" and following its stream, we soon arrive at Castleconnell, a place which takes its name from a fortress erected here at an early, but unknown, time, and of which the ruins perched upon the summit of a lofty and isolated rock, remain in a state of preservation, sufficient to indicate the former importance of the spot as a stronghold of the O'Briens, kings of Munster. Here the grandson of the hero of Clontarf was murdered, after being deprived of his eyes by the prince of Thomond, who had come as a guest, but who had secretly left his army upon the opposite shore of the river, with directions to surprise the garrison. Subsequently, the castle was granted to Richard de Burgho, the famous Red Earl of Ulster, (whose well-executed effigy in stone, still may be seen in the sumptuous ruins of Athassel, an abbey which he had founded,) on condition of strengthening and repairing the

defences of the place—and to the time of the earl, the existing ruins may safely be referred. During the wars of the Revolution of 1688, the castle was occupied by a strong garrison of King James's forces; but was reduced, after a siege of two days, by the Prince of Hesse, accompanied by a considerable army sent from Limerick by de Ginkle, who thereupon ordered the place to be dismantled and blown up. Huge masses of masonry, which have been hurled from the rock, still attest the violence of the explosion, which is said to have been so great as to cause the destruction of many windows in Limerick. The view of the ruins from the road is most imposing, particularly as seen from the direction of Killaloe, and, to the mind of the painter, nothing can be finer than the rich variety of gold and gray, as well as of outline, afforded by the rock upon which the ruins stand, as well as by the venerable towers themselves. In the neighbouring village is a long-celebrated spa, the waters of which are held by the natives to be highly beneficial in almost any malady. Certain it is, that, chiefly in summer time, people assemble from many distant counties to drink of its waters, which are described, like those of spas in Germany, to be a strong chalybeate, having a mixture of absorbant earth and marine salt. We trust that none of our readers may visit the spa as invalids, but should they unhappily be compelled to try its virtue, they will find the water, if we may so describe it, like a drink of cold iron, or liquified steel.

To the lover of Nature, the chief point of interest along the whole course of the river must be the celebrated Falls of Doonass, a name implying "The fort of the waterfall." "The Shannon is here, for more than a mile, almost a cataract. It is only in the streams and rivulets of England that rapids are found; the larger rivers glide generally smoothly on without impediments from rocks. The Thames, Trent, Mersey, and Severn, when they lose the character of streams and become rivers, hold a noiseless course; but the Shannon, larger than all the four, here pours that immense body of water—which, above the rapids, is 40 feet deep and 300 yards wide—through and above a congregation of huge stones and rocks, which extend nearly half a mile, and offers not only an unusual scene, but a spectacle approaching much nearer the sublime than any moderate-sized stream can afford, even in its highest cascade." Indeed, there is no inland scene in the whole island by which a stranger is impressed with a greater feeling of Nature's greatness and his own littleness than that which the "Falls" present. You see and you hear, but though the eye may fix on one particular fall, its sound is lost or absorbed in a general roar of waters charging, as it were, against the barriers of rocks, which, black and stern, and as it were, steadfast to their purpose, receive, break, and scatter their assailants in a thousand directions. Their ebony hue giving additional effect to the white foaming, roaring flood as it passes, and flashes right and left, or partially melts into a mist, in which, under certain circumstances of light, a tremulous rainbow, the emblem of peace, may be seen in miniature.

Perhaps, the best time for viewing Doonass is during the winter months, after a thaw has set in. On one occasion, when we visited the place, at

the close of January, a scene was presented, which, for peculiar sublimity, is but rarely equalled. The river was particularly full, owing to the sudden melting of the snow along its banks, but many drifts still remained, and strikingly contrasted with the dark irresistible flood, which swept with it innumerable pieces of ice, small islands as it were, rolling and tumbling, disappearing and re-appearing every moment. All the time the masses as they clashed together or drove against the rocks, emitted strange unearthly sounds, which forcibly recalled the lines in the "Ancient Mariner," in which he describes the disruption of a frozen ocean—

"They cracked, and growled, and roared, and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

From the overhanging sides of the rocks and banks, and from the boughs of trees myriads of icicles of different sizes and of fantastic shape, glittering in the sunlight like the treasures of an enchanted palace of our youthful imagination, hung spear-like, and threatening. We have witnessed a somewhat similar effect at Powerscourt Waterfall; but, of course, though exquisitely beautiful, the scene there was wanting in the element of the sublime, which the great river so abundantly suggested. In summer time these rapids are very frequently "shot" by the fishermen of the place, and so skilfully do they manage their frail boats that an accident very rarely occurs. A man near the bow, armed with a long, stout, trusty pole, keeps continually fending off, at the same time directing the skiff on her seemingly perilous course. His greatest danger is in the possibility of getting for passenger a person whose nerves may not be equal to the occasion, and who, by a sudden movement, might cause a capsizing, in which case swimming would not avail any one on board.

Doonass can be easily visited either from Killaloe or from Limerick. And now we approach that city so famous in the annals of the country. Below Doonass, the Shannon becomes tranquil, as if resting from its recent struggle. It flows through a valley with sloping sides of rich and beautiful wood. In the back ground the gray mountains of Clare tower and melt into the extreme distance. Around are combinations of wood, water, rock, and meadow, courting all who love nature in her most beautiful variety; and in front, old Limerick.

Like the great majority of our maritime cities, Limerick rose into importance under the rule of our hardy friends and foes, the Northmen, who settled here in the ninth century, and who continued masters of the place till subdued by Brian Boroihme, at Clontarf, when the city became Irish, (though still many Danes were allowed to inhabit it as peaceful traders,) and was held as the capital of the kings of Thomond, until taken by the victorious arms of the Anglo-Normans, assisted by Irish traitors. Of the original fortress no vestige remains. It was certainly not a castle, properly speaking. Indeed, in the twelfth century, the Irish were the levellers rather than the builders of castles. To any kind of fixed or permanent fortification the chieftains of this period appear to have had an utter contempt. An amusing story is extant of the famous De Courcy, conqueror

of Ulster, who constructed two castles in MacMahon's country, a step which awed the latter into complaisance, or, as Spenser would say, "civility;" and having sworn fidelity, De Courcy bestowed on him two castles with their appendant lands. But within a month MacMahon demolished both, and on being asked his reason for doing so, replied that "he did not promise to hold stones but land, and that it was contrary to his nature to live within cold walls whilst the woods were so nigh." Of the castle built by the Norman invaders, a very considerable portion remains, notwithstanding the accidents of war and fire, which, for five succeeding centuries befel the city. It consists of seven massive and exceedingly high circular towers, connected together by a wall of immense height and thickness, enclosing an area at present occupied by barracks. The towers upon the river side bear in many places the scars of shot and shell, memorials of the sieges, to which Limerick and its chief fortress were for ages subjected, but still its veteran walls stand as proudly as ever, and will, most probably, outlast the most recent edifices of modern Limerick. Indeed, a Norman castle of the twelfth century is not very easily destroyed. The trial has been made on several occasions in recent times, but what with the cost of boring, and blasting powder, the profit and loss account invariably turned against the demolishers.

Almost in immediate contact with the castle was the chief pass from Limerick to Clare, by old Thomond bridge, until within a few years the most remarkable and historically interesting work of its kind upon the Shannon. Low, flat, and narrow in its proportions, defended at one end by tower and gateway, and exhibiting in its fourteen arches a variety of forms, chiefly of the "Gothic" style of architecture, it formed with the castle and the noble tower of St. Mary's Abbey in the background, a group of mediæval structures as imposing as picturesque. We only know of one faithful drawing of this interesting edifice being still preserved. It is from the ever truthful pencil of Dr. Petrie, and has never been published. We may, therefore, hope that a pictorial record of one of the earliest structures of the kind ever erected in this country, and so hallowed by the most varied associations, may yet be preserved. Immediately adjoining the site of Thomond bridge, upon the Clare side, the visiter will find a relic of the olden time, which, however unimportant at first sight, must still be an object of interest to every student of Irish history—the stone upon which the memorable treaty, which probably changed the fate of the empire, was signed. It is a hard, compact block, apparently of limestone, about three feet square, and fashioned somewhat in the form of a seat. It has been sadly chipped by that locust race, the empty pated tourists, chiefly, we are happy to say, from beyond the sea, who, if they cannot actually carry away a piece of some work of art or of historic value, must content themselves when they can do so with impunity, by carving their otherwise unknown names upon any object of general interest that they may happen to light upon.

Of ancient Limerick, the cathedral is the edifice which remains most worthy of marked attention. History informs us that about the year 1180, Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, bestowed his palace on the Church, and to that date may be assigned some of the older portions of the existing

cathedral. In the thirteenth century the building was further enlarged by Donogh O'Brien, and by the contributions of Hubert de Burgh, and Eustace del Ewe, bishops of the see. With the exception of some later additions and alterations, which a critical antiquary cannot hesitate to refer to the time of Bishop O'Dea, who resigned the see, in 1426, after having been a great benefactor to the Church, all the arches and windows of the venerable edifice belong to that style of so called Gothic architecture, usually called "transition," mixed with first pointed work. But the original beauty and harmony of the interior, at the time of our visit, was sadly marred by the taste which could introduce unsightly excrescences of ponderous wood-work, carved with pagan emblems, and exhibiting in their details only barbarous imitations of classic models. Some of the tombs are of high archaeological interest, even from their style only; for, the oldest remaining monuments, (those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries,) are, unfortunately, uninscribed. That several stones of the so called Norman period refer to personages, illustrious in the history of the twelfth century, there can be no question; but the time has long passed when they might have been identified, with the names of the kings, ecclesiastics, or chieftains, they were intended to commemorate—

"The knight's bones are dust,
His good sword, rust,
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

The square, turreted and universally-admired tower of Saint Mary's contains, or contained, eight bells, which, like those of Cologne cathedral and others, are not without their legend, and of which an anonymous writer, thus relates, in the pages of the "Dublin Penny Journal." It is said that they were originally brought from Italy, "where they had been manufactured by a young native, and finished after the toil of many years. They were subsequently purchased by the prior of the neighbouring convent, and with the profits of this sale the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This, however was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm of the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all, and became a wanderer, without home or friends. The convent in which the bells, the *chef d'œuvre* of his skill, were hung, was razed, and these last carried away to another land. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed the resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of the nunnery had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland, and anchored in a pool near Limerick. The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the old town. On a sudden, amidst the general stillness of the evening, the bells tolled from the cathedral. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his hands on his breast, and lay back on his seat; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family, all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When

the rowers looked round, they beheld him, with his face turned towards the cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they lauded, they found him cold!"

About twelve months ago we were shown, on the premises of an eminent bell-founder of this city, a fragment of a large bell, which the proprietor of the establishment informed us had belonged to St. Mary's, Limerick. It was sent to him as old metal, to be consigned to the furnace. Is it possible that the present authorities of Limerick Cathedral could thus have disposed of property which it was their duty to preserve? Even if the bell were cracked or broken, the lengthy inscription which it bore must have rendered it of high interest to the archaeologist. Unfortunately, only a very small portion of the inscription remained, but it was several lines in depth, and in Latin. The character of the letters indicated a period about the beginning of the seventeenth century. We called on a second occasion to draw the fragment, but it had been melted, as other portions of the bell had previously been!

There is a tradition that the original bells of St. Mary's were of silver, and a dark hole is shown in the river where, it is said, they were deposited during a time of religious persecution. A similar story is told of the secreting of the bells of several of our ancient religious houses and round towers. Probably, the tradition may refer to the bells of the altar, but it is difficult to reconcile the story with the fact that the wonderfully-wrought crozier and mitre of Bishop O'Dea are still preserved. A notice of these singularly interesting relics of mediæval Irish art, from the pen of a learned and most judicious writer, will be found in the September number of this MAGAZINE. The former, which is entirely composed of silver, measures, as we recollect, about four feet in length. Its upper portion is superbly enriched with the architectural decoration of the period. The mitre, also of silver, is set with a considerable number of precious stones, and with some imitations of gems, which, it is affirmed, were substituted for stones of value, by a merchant to whom the treasures of Saint Mary's had been entrusted for safe keeping, during a time of ecclesiastical spoliation. The fate of this man, and of his descendants, is said to have been miserable. Our limits will not admit of a more lengthy notice of old Limerick, but should any of our readers, who may be induced to visit the place, possess the power of sketching, let them by no means fail to go accompanied by drawing materials. The high gables, clustered chimneys, and rich colouring of the old houses, present studies of great interest; and, on market days especially, he will find groups of country people, as different in appearance from the ordinary inhabitants of British cities as the dwellers in a distant clime. The Limerick lasses, be it known, have long been ranked amongst the fairest of the fair, and it may be said of the people generally, that their characteristics are essentially Celtic: oval faces, dark hair, light complexions, and figures indicating at once strength and activity, together with an extreme fondness for music, and the exercise of hospitality, indicate that the race has been but little influenced by foreign admixture, notwithstanding the frequent occupation of the old kingdom of Thomond by Danes, Normans, and English of every period since the Invasion.

FLOWERS OF A GARLAND, No. II.

SONG.

GRAPE HARVEST ON THE LOIRE.

LULLED in the rich evening's trance
 Round us our green vineyards quiver,
 Joyously our daughters dance,
 While sunward rolls our glorious river;
 Fill our cups with native wine,
 Fuller still—and yet another;
 Life becomes a clime divine,
 When brother clasps the hand with brother;
 Merrily the minutes race—
 Bees that fly from bud to blossom;
 Time has quickened his old pace,
 To foot it with our beating bosoms.

Sing, Lisette, young dark-eyed daughter,
 Old tunes of your mother's singing,
 While we trod by yon bright water,
 While our marriage bells were ringing;
 Still they chime from yon gray tower,
 'Mid the cool old walnut trees;
 She may hear them still this hour,
 Borne upon the spirit breeze,
 Sing, sweet friends, ring bells of even',
 In the golden sunset weather,
 While the airs of harvest heaven
 Mingle both young songs together.

Yonder, where the youngsters muster,
 Mine own red-lipped boy is playing,
 Trying on his brow a cluster,
 In a grapey crown arraying;
 Little son, come hither—hie thee—
 Vine-fed suckling, who shall wean thee?
 With this tendril I will tie thee—
 Tumbling in the fruit will stain thee;
 Thou art like the vine god, rosy,
 Whom I read of other even',
 In a Greek book—cloistered cosey,
 Pelting grapes in Jove's old heaven.

Shepherds come from sheep-strewn meadows,
 By the slant light, autumn browned;
 Maidens rest beneath the shadows,
 With their jet hair, dance—discrowned;

Groups pace singing, down each way,
 In the glowing sinking sun;
 Girls through the elm rows, whispering, stray,
 Each with the lad whom her eyes have won;
 Stream out the wine in the golden ray—
 Our revel as yet has scarce begun!
 Let us be gay—life's but a day,
 And the stars shall set ere we be done.

Ho! let the jolly board be spread,
 With wealth of field and orchard fine,
 With pyramids of milky bread,
 With apples, almonds, and red wine;
 With peaches crimson, as if culled
 Within the sunset's mellow dells—
 Grape heaps, with purpling fingers pulled,
 And piles of blooming muscatells—
 Let's sing, and drink, and dance our fill,
 Lo! those are moments worth the prizing,
 While in the pale east, o'er the hill,
 The mellow amber moon is rising.

A DAY AT MOROCCO.

At noon we rest us on a mound,
 Above the Moorish hill-side town;
 Rich orange gardens glow around,
 And southward spreads the desert brown;—
 The fierce sun beaming blindingly,
 Glares all the earth, save where one tree
 Droops by the cistern shadily.

Beneath us lie the terraced rows
 Of many a long and covered street,
 Where now the turbaned heads repose
 Under the heavy noon-day heat;
 And through the dizzy depths we see
 The torrid Marraheba flee
 'Mid stilly foam sheets sultrily.

There slumber many of Mamhoud's seed,
 Whose joy at dawn-peep 'tis to start,
 All armoured, on each glossy steed,—
 To head the fierce simoon assault,—
 "Spur on! spur on!" the Houries cry—
 "To battle! 'tis for us you die!"—
 Their glances light the deepening sky.

There many a rose-lipped dusky girl,
With form all languid, lithe, is sleeping,
But ah! the crescent gaud of pearl
Stirs on her waked heart's feathered beating,
For she of old fresh days is dreaming,
Ere yet mid slaver's lances gleaming,
A mother's hopeless eyes were streaming.

* * *

At length the airy hour has risen,
And from the low town swells the hum
Of crowds released from their sun-prison;
Hark! to the quick-pulsed brassy drum!
'Tis stop'd:—and bells rain music showers,
From fretted mosque and lonely towers,
That chime the yellow evening hours.

And lo! when all have died away,
One bell floats outward, full and sad,
From the white dome, where Moslems pray,
The shrine of Mammo Currarad;—
Toward it they flock with many a gifting,
The airs their snowy draperies drifting,
Like thin clouds to the full-moon drifting.

Now o'er the hill, all column strewn,
Comes paleing o'er the dusky faces,
The white disk of the clear hung moon,
Long worshiped by the desert races;
Though ne'er shall Chaldee bands again
Stand shouting to her 'mid the slain,
At twilight on the tented plain.

Well, let us trust the sun of time,
Though slowly, surely is advancing;
We turn us where the seas sublime
Lead off the eye, 'mid sunlight glance,
Christendomward; and to our sight
A vision breaks from yonder height,
When even this land shall fell her light.

When here no more the shackled host
Shall fill the slaver's bloody mart,
But from this rim of sultry coast,
Deep into Afric's sultry heart,
A voice, uprising from the sea,
Deep toned as that of destiny,
Shall speak in storm unto the free.

When on the echoing earth shall lie
 The driver's lash and broken rein ;
 When floating on from sky to sky,
 The sun shall see no bondage stain ;
 When earth, so long by tyrants trod,
 At last shall hear the freeman's code,
 Deep sounding from the throne of God.

When want and woe shall lapse away,
 Like the murk-cloud that lags behind
 The sun upon the skirt of day,
 And peace shall breath in every wind ;
 When from the snow to tropic zones,
 Shall ring bright truth's resistless tones,
 And Right shall legislate for thrones.

A CHARACTER.

As from the sultry town, oppress'd,
 At eve we pace the suburb green,
 There, at his window looking west,
 Our good old friend will sure be seen ;
 Upon the table, full in light,
 Backgammon box and Bible lie ;
 Behind the curtain, hid from sight,
 A wine glass no less certainly ;
 A finger beckons—nothing loath
 We enter—ah ! his heart is low,
 His flask is brimming high, but both
 Shall change their level ere we go.

We sit, and hour on hour prolong,
 For memory loves on wine to float ;
 He tells old tales, chirps scraps of song,
 And cracks the nut of anecdote ;
 Tells his best story with a smile—
 'Tis his by fifty years of right ;
 And slowly rounds his joke, the while,
 With eye half closed, he trims the light :
 Tho' clock hand marks the midnight's date,
 But fresh his eye as matin wren,
 His grasp is firm, his form dilate
 With wine, and wit of vanished men.

He reads each morn the news that shook
 The days of Pitt and Nelson, too,
 But little cares for speech or book,
 Or battle after Waterloo ;
 The present time is lost in haze,
 The past alone delights his eye ;

He deems the men of these poor days
 As worthless all of history ;
 Who dares to scoff that love of thine,
 Old friend, for vanished men and years ?
 'Tis youth that charms thee—pass the wine—
 The wine alone is good as theirs.

On Sabbath evening when the bells
 Sing from the peaceful city's spires,
 With spectacles on nose, he dwells
 On some great text that never tires.
 Oft of his days of love he speaks,
 When women were more fair than now ;
 And oft the tears bedew his cheeks,
 While musing on some vanished brow ;
 A pretty maid looks in, and he
 Still conscious seems of charms divine,
 He sees her passing trippingly—
 Perchance her blush is from the wine !

Each morn he basks away the hours
 In garden nooks, and quaffs the air ;
 Chats with his plants, and holds with his flowers
 A tender-toned communion there ;
 Each year the pleasant prospect shrinks,
 And houses close the olden view ;
 The world is changing fast ; he thinks
 The sun himself is failing too :—
 Ah ! well-a-day, the mists of age
 May make this summer season dim ;
 No matter—still in Chaucer's page
 The olden summer's shine for him.

A FRUIT PIECE.

A rosy boy stood at the knees
 Of a grandsire aged and gray,
 Amid the yellowing orchard trees,
 One mellow autumn day,
 The southern skies were blowing warm,
 The sun still lit the hill side farm,
 And the little lake by the mountain's arm
 In ebon stillness lay.

"Go, gather the fruit that scattered lies,"
 Thus spake he to the child,
 "The sweetest fall, but should thine eyes,
 By some red branch beguiled,

Tempt thee to climb the bending tree,
Learn thou to grasp it patiently,
A moral will I teach to thee."

The boy looked up and smiled.

Away he flew o'er the harvest loam,
His cheek on his shoulders turned.
The old man read from a large leaved tome,
In which his soul was urned,
Yet glanced at times from the page away,
His calm face dimmed with shadows gray,
To see the boy—and seemed to pray,
With tranced eyes upturned.

Back flies the child, his lap with leaves
And fairest fruitage rife,
Adventurous joy his bosom heaves,
After the climbing strife.
The fruit from out the crispy drifts
Of foliage the pleased grandsire lifts,
And says :—"So shine good deeds, God's gifts,
'Mid the withered years of life."

"Once more," the old man cried—"away!
Gather a fruitful lap,
And thou shalt learn, while yet 'tis day,
What rests to do, mayhap."
The boy was gone, and left alone
The grandsire's voice, in weary tone,
Murmured—then drowsed in a faint moan—
He fell into a nap.

As joyously flies back the child,
Through trees that over him bow,
He sees the sad leaves, yellow mild,
Fall on the aged one's brow.
"Look, grandsire, look, what grapes I've brought;
On a high branch this peach I sought,
From a thin bough, this apple caught;
All, all are thine, and now

"Let me but hear, my labour past,
The pretty tale you said
You'd tell me, when I brought my last
Rich harvest treasure, red;
What's more to do?—what other prize
To seek?"—A gloom had crossed the skies,
As gazed the boy, with tear-wild eyes—
The old grandsire was dead.

T. I.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF SIMONIDES.

CHAPTER I.—LOVE.

THE picturesque and fertile island of Cos spreads tranquilly under the noon sun of a summer's day. Inland, a range of mountains, whose purple peaks and ravines glitter sharply in the clear Greek air, extend from north to south; on either side numerous villaged valleys, some crested with wood, some covered with corn and vineyard, extend from their declivities to the yellow circuit of shore, fringed with the foamy-crested waves of the Myrtoun sea, whose placid level spreading northward, from the beautiful bay—in whose centre the white-pillared town, Iulus,* with the great temple of Hercules, conspicuous on a marble summit, stands—is bordered to the east by the rugged line of the Attic shore, and far to the north by the Eubœan mountains, which rise like dim gray pyramids—based on the remote horizontal waters.

To those two white-robed figures, who are wandering side by side along the sands, which spread beneath a stretching promontory, on whose wooded point a small shrine dedicated to the winds appears; the surrounding scene is one of happiest tranquillity. Far away the little city rests silent as a cloud, not a sound is heard from its many-masted harbour—not a sound from its colonnaded streets. Sometimes only vague voices ripple the sunny stillness from the uplands, or those of fishers far off in the deep, swooning, faint and small, mingle uncertainly with the soft plash of the waves, as they die in liquid whispers along the shelly beach, or lap the sides of some cavern, hooded in green herbage, which intervals the promontory side along their path. The youth is Simonides—a name famous among his poetry-loving countrymen—the maiden, Myrtilla, a beautiful young Ionian, between whom and the poet an affectionate friendship has existed from childhood, and whose beauty has hitherto formed the theme of his most inspired compositions. They have wandered, interchanging pleasant feelings and fancies for some time, under the overhanging cliffs, shielded from the sun by the broad branches of the chestnut trees, which form a pleasant shady roof to their shore walk; and presently pause at the mouth of a cavern, whose sparry depths are reflected on the smooth wave, which undulating, glassily raises the sea flowers gracefully along its rocky walls.

"How happy am I, sweet Myrtilla," said Simonides, as the pair of friends, growing weary with their walk, reclined on a little mound of emerald grasses and moss, which, at one side of the cavern, surrounded a fountain of pure water, shaded by a cluster of poplars, whose dim shadow fell coolly blue on the golden sands—"to have so sweet a companion in my walk so lovely a summer day as this. Ah, thrice happy," he added, as he took her fair hand in his; "for though nature in itself is to me divine, it is doubly so when enjoyed in the society of a soul which sympathises with mine—a soul made to love and be loved."

* The birth-place of Simonides.

Myrtilla smiled and was silent some moments, her downcast eyes bent over a cluster of flowers, which she disposed in different shapes on the sands.

"I always delight to hear you speak of the poems in which you are engaged," she said, "for to listen to a poet confiding the beauties of his mind, is as if one were admitted into an enchanted region, where every day some sweet and novel strain of music comes breathing from the sky, imaging the beauty of the universe and the noble and lovely feelings of a celestial life."

"As yet, my genius little deserves such pretty praise," returned the poet, "and to enjoy sweet intercourse of thought with you is a delight, Myrtilla, dearer than any, my lonely imagination can afford. Yet, were it bright as my ambition, I would devote it to mirror the beautiful spirit of the universe, which is that of joy and love. Look! look! how yonder soft blue waves bathe the shore with everlasting kisses—how the soft wind wooes the summer foliage, and lifting each leaf, as though to find some sweet secret in its shadow, bears away some odour, floating off to give place to another airy whisperer. But above all, behold yon sun, the heart of heaven, how passionately it glows over the beloved earth and sea, brightening and making beautiful all it looks on, and making each object beautiful to each—how it dances playfully over the flowing river—how it swells the corn and fruit along its banks—how it gilds the clouds like passing fancies—how it pours its whole being upon the tranquil soul of the ocean, even to its profoundest depths; and how each never-ending billow rising in smiles, manifests a celestial joy, and reciprocates its glory and delight—for delight of a surety the splendid orb must feel in illuminating earth, and making all things productive—all happy. Ah, dear Myrtilla, if thou wouldst have me write sweet music—if thou wouldst be the genius of my genius, the sun of my soul, the heart of my heart, tell me—tell me that thou lovest me."

A soft sigh rose from the bosom of the gentle Ionian, as gazing with eyes hazed with tenderness into those of her friend, she smoothed the curls from his forehead a moment, and then murmuring, in a voice low and deep as the melody of a sea-shell, a sweet, inarticulate response, hid her beautiful face on his breast.

An hour passed in perfect happiness in the intercourse of endearing confidences, during which the summer day, sun, sea, and earth, seemed to have become a hundred times brighter. An elysian loveliness seemed to have fallen on all surrounding objects, the fountain waves appeared to hush their motion to listen to the happy beating of their hearts and the spiritual melody of their whispers, and even the waves sunk into tenderer undulations, as though loath to interrupt or break the charm of a human hour so consummate in its joy.

Presently they rose, and encircled each with an arm, paced awhile in silence along the yellow marge of the beach, when Myrtilla paused, and gazed upon the sand, "Hush," she said, "I am looking for an omen," and her eyes wandering over the scattered shells, seemed seeking in their arrangement for some form reflecting her hopes and fancies. "I wish to see if you will love me ever," she murmured presently.

Simonides, laughing gaily, pressed her hand, and with a green willow twig, which he had picked up on the beach, traced her name on a portion of the sand, beyond the furthest tide mark.

"Behold, dearest," he exclaimed, "the sea is at its full to-day; should the waters, which is impossible, have erased the music syllables of thy name when we are returning, why, then, thou mayest doubt my truth and passion."

Myrtilla then, playfully taking the twig from his hand, traced beside her own the name of her lover, and they pursued their charmed walk toward the end of the promontory, where, with the great bright sea before them, they stood awhile, observing—for any fancy was pleasant at the time—the changes of a cloud which hung in the western azure, and which now seemed to assume the appearance of a fleet of vessels—now of an island, in which a snowy mountain overlooked a blue bay. At first, while it was bright and distinct to the shaping, playful fancy of Myrtilla, a figure at one moment appeared on the shore in a splendour of light; but after a little the picture she had formed disappeared, and a shadow, fell on the fantastic vapour. After some time as the sun was beginning to round westering to the ocean, they began to retrace their footsteps cityward.

As they proceeded, Myrtilla's bright eyes were earnestly fixed on the sands as they approached the spot where they had written their names, and a cry of joy broke from the girl when she found that they both remained untouched by the waters.

"Well, is not the omen propitious, sceptic?" said Simonides, smiling.

"That you will love me ever, dear one, I am certain," said Myrtilla, in a low voice, "the inner thought in my mind, however, was to interrogate Destiny as to whether time—whose years yonder waves emblem—would equal our lives with our love." And after a few moments they pursued their way.

Scarcely, however, had they advanced a few paces, when a shadowy wind swept over the sea, and several waves hurrying each the other on, flowed up the sands. When they had retreated, the name of Simonides remained—but that of his mistress had disappeared.

CHAPTER II.—POETRY.

From his earliest period of consciousness and thought, Simonides had been of a meditative and somewhat melancholy temperament. His dream life commenced while yet he was a child. At that epoch, he displayed an intense love of solitude—the natural condition for the nascent poetic mind, delighting in the play of fancy. In those early, childish, simple hours, while wandering alone with imagination, which, as yet untutored, and acting merely in flashes, brought with them a surprised delight—nature wore an enchanted appearance to the boy: the sun, the sea, the airs, and earth, in their varied aspects, lost their reality as dead, incommunicable appearances and became familiar friends. Sometimes, as the first rays awoke him, and as rising, he gazed into the level golden spaces of the dawn, his

brooding fancy wafted him away into remote regions of glory and beauty—visions, shapeless and indistinct, and hardly more than feeling as yet, but whose impression remained indestructible in his soul—the basis of future conceptions. The lights, brooding in the hollow of some noon day wood, or glancing through the foliage, and on the branches and trunks, seemed to him as he moved, entranced among them, as spirits;—visiting shapes of a richer world, and a diviner life. The sound of the waterfall, by which he had stopped to rest during the day, often came swooning, softened past his ear, as his senses were sinking into repose, like the voice of some invisible being revealing itself to him in its airy spiritual essence. Often, as the red golden sun sunk into the sea, he would lie on some cliff above the shore, remembering the traditions he had heard from nurse and mother, following the sphere in fancy, into the awesome lower world of death beneath the ocean; now passing through the black cataracts of the depths,—now wafted dizzy and confused into the deep realm, in whose sky, darkened as though dead, the orb cast a pale beam over the gloomy immeasurable places where the universe of shadows flitted, until still gazing—lo! sudden, some phantom terror, face to face with him, would look death into his eyes and heart; and then thrilled with fear at the unknown and awesome power in his imagination, which could thus terrify as delight his soul, he would awake to a sense of his surroumdment. Thus did nature in its forms and elements minister to the growth of his genius, all whose impressions, however, as yet though delightful as experiences, remained unformed and unrecallable once past, as vanished dreams; though sometimes a few of such fancies as assumed in language, a natural, musical outline, hovered in the memory, or haunting some dim chamber of the brain, arose at intervals, awakened by some chord of association. Many a year after, indeed, and while his career as poet-artist was consummating, in still unoccupied hours, would he be surprised by the sudden return of some of those early dreams, long lost in oblivion, transporting his spirit, as by the melody of some incantation, to the fresh morning fancies of life, acquainting him once more with the youth of his soul, and when, as sometimes happened, turned to shape in ode or elegy, constituting his finest inspirations.

During childhood and early boyhood, such fancies passed and perished, and this preparatory dream-life seemed resultless as a dream; nor had he as yet attempted to turn his thoughts and imagination to shape. At length the poet models fell in his way. Wondrous, and three-fold happy was the hour when, as a boy of fourteen, he first found his brain adventuring through the world of Homer. Oh! marvellous days, when, with the old scroll secreted in his robe, he wandered into the solitude of the sea shore or woodland, forgetting, hour after hour entranced in the poet god of heroic life—now personifying each mighty man of whom he sung, now embodying himself in imagination, as Achilles, as Hector, and passing a charmed tumultuous life, amid the conflicts of men and migled gods.

Then, after his soul was filled with the life of the Iliad—after the first enthralling period of enjoyment, came the epoch of immature imitation. Lying by the marge of the loud resounding sea, often would he trace the

lines of some battle piece—with its speeches of heroes confronting before armies—its conflicts and deaths—on the hard sand—careless of the obliterating waves, conscious only of the new ineffable joy, cognate with the exercise of his new-found creative power. To create, to be a god ! What human life—what monarch, with his perishable state and armies, can equal the poet ? Where are the thrones and hosts of which Homer sang—in the dust : yet still they live, recalled to immortal life, by the resurrection trump of genius and imagination. He, too, will be a poet, and write of battle and travel—of life, love, and death—he, too, will create his eternal spirit-world.

This was the period in which his soul expanded in aspiration ; and while yet unacquainted, through experience, with the limit of its powers ; the time of boundless faith in genius, where imagination was all in all, unbalanced by understanding, during which he accumulated scroll on scroll, the mass of which, when reviewed in maturer days, appeared but chaff—effort without insight—the struggling wing of the young eagle, unable yet to direct its course over mountain and ocean, and with eye too weak as yet to grasp the glory of the sun. Yet found he, in these first outpourings of his soul, here and there, some casual thought, fancy, picture—unconscious flashes, simple and deep as Nature, and of a freshness, not to be approached in after days by the extemporised improvisations of Art ; and thus he came to know that the greatest imaginative art, is unconscious,—the next in degree, founded on direct observation of nature, of feeling, and of life.

'Twas, while his days was thus passing in a sphere of wild spiritual enchantment, that the beauty of young Myrtilla, to whom his relation had been one of graceful friendship, filled his heart with love, and that his imagination, brooding over his feelings, inaugurated a life still more divine. Poetry continued the work of and interpreter of his existence, but it no longer assumed the form of imitative efforts in the heroic empire of the epic muse. It became the expression of his feelings and soul, wrapped in elysian aspirations and delights. Many were the verses in which, from day to day, he poured forth his ideas and sensations, but such verses as they found a relieved utterance in, were at first mere raptures—the exuberant pulses of a heart, tuned to transient melody for pleasure. At length, one night, as after an hour of tranquil meditation, he reclined in the marble casement of his chamber, where the moon, risen from the Aphroditian sea, cast the shadow of the myrtle, which whispered in the soft wind, upon his white broad brow,—like a poet wreath dropped thereupon by the hand of prospective genius,—a sudden inspiration animated his harmonized soul, and seizing a scroll, he gave expression to his whole nature in a series of verses, perfect in spirit and form ; magic words rose to paint beauty—to utter celestial feeling, and the whole took shape in a harmony, unconsciously breathed and unconsciously divine. It was already midnight when his poem was completed, and with its music thronging his brain pulses, he sunk into repose. When, however, awake with the first streak of dawn, he reread with cooler mind the composition of the previous night—~~an~~ exalted, an unexperienced joy filled his soul, at finding he had, at last, in even a slight work, achieved a perfection.

Wandering the evening of the same day with Myrtilla, he read his poem, glancing at her, as she listened with soft sparkling eyes. When he had finished, feigning unconsciousness, she enquired, with gentle coquetry, who was the maiden whose charms and love had inspired its beauty and melody."

"Canst thou knowest it not, for months I have sung of thee only, and with a sweet and secret delight, like that of breathing a kiss on the lips of a sleeping goddess. Take then these verses, beloved, of which thou art the theme. A little mirror, which my genius, directed by love, has shaped to image thy form and soul,—imperfectly albeit as the star of Venus yonder, on the heaving bosom of the sea."

Alas, for human hopes and aspirations—alas, for the transitory elysiums of life! But a short time after the summer day on which, after a mutual confession of their love, they roved along the beach, the beautiful Myrtilla was snatched for ever from his sight, being lost in a storm during a visit she was about to pay her friends in a neighbouring island. For many moons Simonides mourned over her grave; life thus deprived of love, spread before him as a melancholy desert, and while his heart beat forlornly, his harp remained silent. At length his genius resumed its voice and wing, but his songs were all breathings of his love for the bright Ionian girl and of his sorrow at her loss; and to this circumstance is attributed the mournful tone of all his subsequent compositions*—those famous elegies which filled all human souls with pathetic pleasures, and all human eyes that read them with a mist of affectionate memories—of melancholy tears. The invasion of Greece by Xerxes, however, presently aroused the people of the mainland and islands to arms, and Simonides, having hung his harp on the tomb of Myrtilla, where his heart rested, with his sword for a companion, embarked for Athens, to assist his countrymen against their invaders.

CHAPTER III.—THE SPECTRE.†

The day at length arrived on which Simonides proposed to take ship from his native island for Greece. In the morning, surrounded by his relatives and friends, he had performed a sacrifice to the gods of the winds and sea, which, though somewhat unpropitious, little affected his mind, and bidding them farewell, proceeded to the shore. Here arrived, and learning that the vessel, which lay some distance out in the blue bay,

* *Moestius, lacrimis, Simonides.* "His excellency," says Quintilian, "lay in moving compassion, in which particular he is preferred to all other writers."

† Allusion is made to the circumstance of his finding a dead body on the shore, and to the apparition which appeared to him, in the lives of Simonides; and from a passage in Longinus, it would seem, that he turned this impression to account in his verses. The author of the treatise on the "Sublime," after speaking of a famous passage in one of the lost dramas of Sophocles, in which the shade of Achilles appears on his tomb, watching the departure of the Greeks from Troy, adds, "I know not whether any one has described that apparition more divinely than Simonides."

would not sail for some hours, as it was still waiting for its complement of passengers, he forthwith proceeded to wile the interval by a stroll along the beach, where he had so often wandered, composing his verses in the hearing of the majestic and melancholy music of the ocean, and where appeared many a well-known nook, in which he had meditated—here a little promontory, with trees on it—which was a favourite resort at golden dawn, or when Venus sparkled over the sunset chasm—endeared to him as the scene of some of his happiest fancies—here a cavern, beneath whose cool sparry roof he had many times stretched at noon, tracing with some shell or coral stem, on its smooth yellow sands, the music lines of song or elegy which took shape during the delightful solitary hours passed with his genius, during the tranced calm of imagination. It was a lovely summer day; the air, which was without a breath, was hardly rippled by a sound, save occasionally, when the voices of some group of mariners, stretched beside their boat, in some cove, preparing their nets; or those of some slaves in the wheat fields of the uplands, sounding vaguely upon the sunny stillness of the shore, interrupted the monotonous melody of the waters. The sky was without a cloud—save one, white and lonely, on the verge of the azure sea, and sun and earth seemed to float together in bright silence.

Simonides, whose mind was occupied with many fancies mingling with regrets, had rambled, wrapped in dreams and reverie, to a spot on the beach, so lonely that not even the murmur of a human voice reached him, and where, under a line of lofty gray cliffs, semicircling a little bay, even the sound of the solitary sea was silent—when he was suddenly startled by perceiving a shipwrecked corse lying on the hard sands beneath his feet. A moment he paused regarding it. The face, pale and worn with sad sea-death, bore, in its cold sleep, an expression which, though tranquil, was awesome—an impress, solemn and vague as of the great unknown deeps in which it had yielded up its ghost, yet which, as he gazed, seemed to appeal to the living with melancholy reproachfulness.

“Poor Ghost!” murmured Simonides to himself, “though my time is short, yet will I not leave thee uncared for; poor wandering exile, from Hades, the sport of winds and waves, when the sacred labour of shielding thy form in sand will restore thee to the dark Land of Rest beneath.”

Forthwith, taking a flat stone which had fallen from the precipice overhead, and which served as a spade, he hastily dug a grave, and lifting the corse therein, covered it with the yellow sand, the while earth and water, in deep calm, seemed to harmonize silently with the sacred rite.

Simonides had just completed this holy human duty, his mind was filled with pleasing satisfaction, and about to hasten back to the harbour, he passed a moment to cast a glance at the quiet sea-grave, when a cloud passing over the sun caused him to look upward. Suddenly he seemed fixed to the ground—a cold, awesome shudder thrilled through his frame, and stretching forth his arms, he cried:—

“Oh, sun and earth! Oh, Jupiter, guard me!”

A Phantom was before him—a shadowy presence, around which the

air seemed dark—the familiar world had disappeared—which the bright flame of the noon-day sun, which seemed suddenly becoming remote, failed to brighten. Yet as he gazed, wrapt, motionless, he by degrees recognised the lineaments of a countenance, which, though still gloomy and agitated as the subsiding sea at break of dawn, wore a dim smile, as that of a wandering spirit upon whom a faint light of elysium has at length broken.

Simonides:—"What art thou?"

Spectre:—"The manes of the body thou, O Simonides, hast religiously interred. No more an exile from Hades, through thy kind office; in gratitude I have appeared to thee, to warn thee. Thou art about to embark in yonder vessel?"

"Yea, shadow."

"Forbear; it is doomed. Adieu, mortal, and whene'er, during thy course of life, thou mayest be in danger, invoke the shade of Laon."

Then, like the moving gloom of a cloud, it had disappeared.

Some moments elapsed before Simonides became restored to his ordinary consciousness; for some moments a strange and mysterious awe seemed to pervade the place. Then, as though from a dream, he awoke; the sun was shining brightly; the white foamed wave mounted the rock at the end of the blue promontory; the white birds hovered over the cliffs; the drooping foliage stirred in the sea air; his shadow moved before him on the sands: the world and life had returned.

As, however, he stood on the shore, looking towards the ship, which lay sombrously at anchor in the offing, a sudden change overspread the scene. The little waves came leaping on the beach at his feet, fringed with fierce foam; a hollow murmur arose, as from the depths of the sea—now and then a fragmentary gust swept on ragged wings around the stony heights—and then came a hurrying darkness, covering silently the face of the waters.

Though the strange awe which the appearance of the spectre had created in the senses of Simonides had partially subsided, the supernatural warning he had received left so powerful an impress on his mind, that he was resolved to abide by its dictate. Though the city was but a short distance away, so impetuous had the wind become, that the sea rolled in great waves along the path by which he returned, and presently, when he arrived at the harbour, he saw a multitude of people collected on the end of the mole, whose voices rang through the darkened sky, as they gazed towards the vessel, whose masts were at intervals seen wavering against the black clouds with which it was surrounded, as it rose and tossed desperately on the wild summits, and through the devouring gorges of the now tempestuous sea. Simonides hurried along the sea wall, over which the billows already broke in showers of spray, and was already nearing the group of mariners and citizens, when one of the former cried—

"It is a whirlwind; see how the ship is tossed round and round."

"They are trying to lower an anchor," cried another, shielding his

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eyes with his hands from the gusts of foam and mist which came driving towards the shore.

"She is nearing the rock, too," exclaimed a third, pointing to a black reef, whose crest was occasionally visible.

Scarcely had he spoke, when the doomed vessel, bounding forward, struck furiously against the dark reef—for an instant her bows appeared high above the waves—the next, a shriek rang sadly through the wild wind gloom, as she sank back into the depths, and nothing more was seen but the tumult of the billows, as they raged round the reef, which still rose like some black monster, gnashing its foamy teeth, triumphing over the ruin.

SICILY.

Some time after the battle of Salamis and the retreat of the Persian hosts, while Greece was slowly arising from the temporary ruin of the great invasion; and while Themistocles was rebuilding Athens, at the invitation of Hiero, King of Syracuse, Simonides set sail from his native country, and arrived in Sicily, where he was destined to pass the remaining years of his long life. King Hiero, whose renown as a soldier and a patron of the arts had long echoed throughout every region where the Greek tongue and civilization had spread, and throughout all the barbarian states of the Mediterranean, with whom his people held commercial intercourse—from Colchis to Carthage, from Egypt to Etruria and Roma—had at this period established peace in the island by his victory over the Messenians, with whom he had for many years waged war, and while his subjects rose in opulence, his court was graced by the presence of some of the most illustrious poets of the age—among them Epicharmus, the originator of comedy; Æschylus, the sublime tragedian; and Pindar—all of whom were resident at Syracuse when Simonides arrived.

SCENE.

Brightly shines the clear sapphire air of the Sicilian sky on the azure seas in which the towers and temples of Syracuse are reflected, and upon the rich and majestic island landscape by which on three sides it is encompassed. The three quarters of the splendid city—the Acradina, Tyche, and Neapolis—spread over the low hills which, running along the shore, reach out at either extremity in promontories, which enclose in a semicircle the two great harbours; to the north the Plymmerum, in front of the larger lies the Isthmus of Ortygia, whose rich dome of foliage enshrines the fountain of Arethusa; on the west of the northern port, the bright river Anapus, with its thick marge of papyrus, wends sea-ward, reflecting on its surface the great line of turreted walls with which the city is girt; beyond extends the many-streamed luxuriant region of plain and upland, with its leagues of white wheat and honey-producing stretches of thyme and saffron, its dark green olive plantations, aloe hedges, mulberry groves, vales full of pomegranate and orange; gardens full of purple figs; meads fragrant with aromatic herbs—and still further, leagues of chestnut-forest,

palm, oleander, and walnut; over topped to the north-west by the majestic slopes and towering snowy summit of *Ætna*, which with its still column of smoke, stationary in the blue air,—like a phantom risen from the awful Tartarean region of fire and thunder below,—looks across the world and ocean, where the sun finds a grave.

The harbours are crowded with shipping from Asia, Phœnecia, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, and crowded with merchant and sailors of all complexions, from the fair yellow-haired Corinthian and Athenian to the black Carthaginian. Crowds assist in unloading the vessels of their merchandise—glass of Sidon, linen of the Nile, metal work, weapons and chariots from Carthage, stuffs of Elis, purple of Tyre, manifold luxuries and riches, from the pearls of Taprobana* to the silk of Seres;† from the roses of Pæstum, on the opposite Italian shore, to the tin of the Casserides islands, far off in the dim northern ocean—known as yet but to the Phœnecian mariners.

Above rises the city, whose three quarters are disposed on the terraced elevations of the hills which form the harbours. Lowest, by the water's edge, lies Tyche, and Acradina on the heights, with their many-pillared arcades, their great columned temples and long ranges of columnal-flat-roofed mansions. Yonder group of maids are moving to the Arethusa fountain—yonder crowd to the crescent-benched amphitheatre, which, scooped out of the solid rock fronting the harbour, looks towards the western sun.

It is evening, and the hum of joyous voices mingled with music ascends from the pleasant shadowy streets of the city to the palace of King Hiero, which occupies a height surrounded by luxurious gardens, amid whose arcades of dark green foliage fountains flash and sparkle in the level rays of the westward rounding sun. On the marble roof of one of these structures King Hiero‡ appears, surrounded by a group of friends, and having thrown aside royalty with its robes, passes the sunset hour in the pleasure of equal communion, the while they converse on many topics. The group reclining near him comprise some of the most illustrious characters of the age.

At one side appears a figure, white-robed, seated in a chair, with head habitually declined in an attitude of reflection; he has passed the meridian of life, but from his face and brow, which are stamped with the lines of observation, thought, and experience, all such traces vanish when he speaks, in the inward light of a perennial gaiety. A constant smile hovers about his curved lips, which seem moulded to mingle alternately the maxims of wisdom and the laughter-provoking utterances of wit; an air of finesse

* Ceylon.

† China.

‡ Hiero arose from a private station to the magistracy and throne of Syracuse. Justin chronicles his many admirable personal and mental gifts. "*Pulchritudo ei corporis insignis vires quoque in homine admirabiles fuere; in alloquio blandus in negotiis justus, in imperio moderatus; prorsus ut nihil ei requiam deesse, præter regnum videretur.*" (Lib. 22, c. 4.) And in Xenophon's "dialogue on the Condition of Royalty," in which Hiero and Simonides are interlocutors, we are afforded an interesting insight of the philosophical side of his character.

plays about his symmetrical Corinthian forehead, and a sedate sparkle glimmers in his clear, steady eyes. It is the poet Epicharmus,* the inventor of comedy.

Beside him rests a tall figure, aged and gray. His broad forehead, winged with imagination on either temple, is thickly carved with the wrinkles of thought; his countenance, which is stern and warlike, is animated with an inspired and almost prophetic light; his long snowy beard flows in majestic curls upon his broad breast; and beneath his deep-vaulted brows his large eyes glow flamely, with an expression of intense but irregular power. It is the tragic bard, *Æschylus*.

And who is that other aged figure standing anear him, who bears his head erect, with an air of enthusiasm, whose great black eyes are irradiated with a wild, passionate light, and whose deep sonorous voice rolls forth in hurried utterances, impetuous as the Olympic chariot thundering to the goal? It is *Pindar*.

The group have been conversing on the different species of poetry, and *Æschylus*, who had been speaking of the requirements of tragic verse, having ended, and pointing to *Epicharmus*, the latter, turning with a smile toward his associates, says:—

“The turn of my mind, my friends, is not to imagine beings greater than exist, but to paint men as they are—than which, if accurately executed, nothing can be more comic. I never visit Olympus, or descend into Tartarus, like the terrible genius yonder, (pointing to *Æschylus*.) I am content with the cities and their every day life, in market-place and judgment-hall, at temples and festivals. I invent a laughable fable, and take my characters from the streets to fill it. People like to be shown in a new light what they every day see. But even were I to select such a theme as the defeat of Xerxes, which *Æschylus* has just finished so grandly in his “*Persians*,” it would not be to make Atossa lament, or the ghost of Darius mourn a prophesy in mighty verse, hexameter or choraic, but to paint in colloquial iambics, the tremendous king flying in a skiff across the Hellespont he had so lately chained; or to represent the commander of millions—the lord of a thousand luxurious palaces, begging for a breakfast in a hovel. I would deal not with the heroic, but the comic side of invasion, and war, and destiny. Instead of singing the majesty of the multitudinous hosts of nations, whose very advance seemed to shadow victory, I would invent a dialogue between the vultures and eagles, who swallowed their glory with their carcasses, like superior creatures of prey as they were. Thus, if I would not elevate mankind by surpassing pictures of imagination, I would, at least, warn and improve them by representing reality. In a word,

* *Epicharmus*, whose birth-place was Corinth, was the originator of the comic drama of Greece, being the first who introduced a second actor with the chorus—an advance similar to that which *Æschylus* effected in tragedy. His works, which were chiefly composed at the court of Hiero, are lost, but traces of his genius are still preserved in the comedies of his imitator *Plautus*. We have, indeed, no specimen of Latin or Roman comedy existing, the *Atelian* farces having perished; and the plays of both *Plautus* and *Terence*, merely reflect Greek manners.

Lathesis, who seems to have spun the sublime brains of *Æschylus* out of thunder-clouds, has made mine of earth—my nature is to walk, not soar. But, tell me, *Æschylus*, for although I cannot conceive, I would desire to know, how do you inspire yourself to produce such mighty conceptions—what art do you use?"

"Art?" returned the old poet, his great vague eyes filled with a wondering light within their cavernous sockets. "Art—none. I cannot tell how I compose. Conceptions come to me like lightning in flashes across the dark, midnight sea, and filling my soul, compel me to give them form. To me it seems a divine life and work to paint the thoughts and actions of the old gods and heroes, to purify humanity by pictures of pity and terror. When at such hours I abandon my soul to the power of the muses, it seems to rise and expand into a sphere of deific existence."

"Thus," said *Hiero*, "while you, *Æschylus*, are a king of Terror, and you, *Epicharmus*, one of Laughter, I am but one of Men. Wherever your poems are read, even to the remotest generations, your empire will extend, whereas mine will end with my life."

"Not so," exclaimed *Pindar*; "to found and to civilize a people is to create a living and everlasting poem."

"But meanwhile, as *Æschylus* and I have been speaking of our different turn for composition," said *Epicharmus*, "*Simonides* has remained silent, though he could, doubtless, be eloquent, if he pleased, on the description of poetry in which his genius delights."

Upon this, *Simonides*, raising his pale brow, which had been declined in a listening attitude, and glancing at the old poet-masters with melancholy, beautiful eyes, said:—

"To me the human mind, in its various forms and powers, seems to resemble the natural world and sky. Some souls are like the mountains, which, rising to heaven, throw their majestic shadows across the earth, some are gifted with the power of the thunder, which at once terrifies the heart, and purifies the atmosphere, such is *Æschylus*; while others resemble the sun, which illumines, warms, and, while rendering productive, beautifies all things. One may fancy that the poets of love owe the birth of their genius to the influence of this orb, as those of sorrow to the cold, melancholy moon. But all such forms of poetry are divine, nay, even the comic no less, which improves mankind, by laughing away absurdity. As, however, what we name as poetic genius, is a power of feeling, seeing, and creating what is beautiful and terrible, more than ordinary minds are capable of, so the object of the poet is to perpetuate in language, such supreme insights and imaginings, by which the minds of mortals may be purified and beautified. Thus an erotic poem or elegy, embodying the divinest feelings of life—love and sorrow, happiness and affectionate regret—no less than tragedy, or heroic rhapsody, becomes, when eternalised by art, a perpetual possession, to elevate, purify, beautify and felicitate all intelligent souls. For me, having loved and suffered, I sing best that which I best understand. But you, oh *Pindar*, whose genius is of the same grand order as that of *Æschylus*,—how came you, child of *Homer*, to sing the praises

of Olympic combatants, rather than chaunt the achievements of ancient heroes, or shake the stage with a tragic fable?"

"Thou seest *Ætna* yonder," said Pindar, pointing to the stupendous form of the mountain, whose fiery head flamed remote in the blue darkness of the evening. "So stands Homer, supreme among poets. To rival him is impossible, and the poet who would shape a little *Iliad*, like the god who would heave a little hill beside that great work of the Titans, would become but ridiculous by the contrast. It therefore, seemed more appropriate in me to sing of the Olympic games, than of the wars of the past, especially as living heroism, no less than that of tradition, demands an immortal memorial poetic song."

LAST.

Many years have rolled by, and the life of Simonides, which has been passed in the exercise of those bright poetic powers, which had endeared his imagination and heart among all people to whom his verses have reached, is drawing to a close. It is his death day.

The Sicilian autumn sun beams goldenly on a garden attached to a small marble-pillared mansion, which stands at some distance from Syracuse, on the slope of the southern promontory, overlooking the beach and blue sea. It is noon, and the old poet, assisted by a slave, paces feebly toward his favourite seat by a spring of crystal water, over whose mossy rocks the leaves of a few old pine trees, rooted in the sides of the declivity, wave their trembling shadows. As the slave, according to custom, leaves him to his meditations, Simonides looks with sad eyes on the beautiful earth, and sea, and sky, from whose presence he feels he is about to depart for ever.

His soul, nevertheless, is bright and calm as the day, whose air is without a cloud, and without a sound, save, at intervals, when the song of some halcyon unseen, rippling the stillness, melodious faint, from the azure waters beneath. Sometimes his memory reverts to his past life—its scenes of love and sorrow, of patriotic battle, of poetic contest.* As at times old songs and elegies, worked out in happy moments of inspiration, come breathing their music in his ears, his aged heart seems re-animated with a second youth, and he seems to breathe the air of immortality. Then these harmonies fade away, and in the bubbling play of the spring anear he seems to listen

* Both *Æschylus* and *Simonides* fought at the battle of *Salamis*, (480 B.C.) four years after which, *Hiero*, who had distinguished himself as a general, in wars between the Sicilians and Carthaginians, ascended the throne of *Syracuse*. Both *Æschylus* and *Simonides* also died in Sicily, the former, 24 years after the great victory achieved by the Greeks over the hosts of Persia, which *Herodotus* has described in his history, and *Æschylus* in his tragic drama of the "*Persians*." *Simonides*, in the interval between his first and second visit to Sicily, had passed many years in the cities of Asia and of Greece, where he became famous for his odes, composed in celebration of the victors of the Olympic games; but if we are to judge from the allusions of ancient writers, his finest works are his elegies, in which the pathetic genius which he manifested had no parallel among ancient poets. *Catullus*, who has possibly imitated his style, in some of his "*carmina*," refers to the melancholy tone which characterised his best poetry.

to the wordless language of its nymph, whispering him happy omens ; and passing fancies, gay and sad, are called into being from the murmur of the leaves around him, rustling gently in the soft sea wind, and changing in trembling lights and shadows as they move.

As the orb begins to round westward, throwing the shadow of the rocky declivity upon the garden, Simonides, beckoning the slave, asks him to assist him to the sands at the end of the promontory, where he can enjoy a last look of the setting sun. And presently they reach the desired point, where the sea, near which the splendid sphere is descending, opens with its innumerable golden-smiled waves, flowing from it like the endless years of a life brightened by some benignant Destiny.

Nearer and nearer sinks the sun to the bright remote ocean line, beneath which it enters the realms of Hades ; and fainter and fainter the pulses of Simonides seem to beat in harmony with the descending luminary. The wind, too, which had breathed freshly across the ocean, waving the gray locks around the brow of the old man, has slowly ebbd into silence ; and, as the sun now sinking, has half dipped into the sea, feeling his heart grow faint, and the final hour approaching, he is seen to raise his hand a moment, as though appealing to the earth, the while he murmurs some inaudible invocation.

As he does so, suddenly a shadow, on whose countenance a bright smile beams, seems to rise before him, and beckons him, advancing with outstretched arm, while, with the other, it points toward the sun, whose golden rim still lingers a second above the wave.

The next moment the head of Simonides slowly sinks on his breast, and his eyes, still fixed on the departing light, slowly close ; his last sigh mingles with the sea wind ; and, in the solemn, divine silence which reigns around—hark ! from the distant ocean, still tinged with the gold of the sunken sun, the sound of the waves floats in soft cadences around him, like the voice of a melancholy glory.

THE CURÉ OF LA VENDEE.

No person is ignorant of the topography of La Vendée. Its eventful history has so interested the world in everything connected with it, that it is unnecessary for me to enter into any descriptive particulars. When first its scenic beauty met my youthful eyes, I thought it surpassed any place I had previously seen. That part of it which is called *Le Bocage*, or "the thicket," is particularly interesting ; the surface, though in general level, is yet sufficiently irregular to afford a most picturesque and diversified landscape, gently swelling hills, and extensive plains, innumerable woods, and groves, dense as the recesses of a forest, and a thousand streams and canals traversing the meadows in every direction, and clothing them with a verdure of the most luxuriant green, all unite in the scene. It

seemed to me impossible that any artist could convey to his canvass Nature as I saw it here spread before me. It was such as the delusive imagination would people with the nymphs and swains of the olden poets, rather than contemplate as the theatre of the melancholy and inhuman scenes which had been enacted there some forty years before I visited it.

Traces of that barbarous warfare were still everywhere visible, the ruins of churches and hamlets, and the wild, uncultivated gardens and orchards bore ample testimony to the footsteps of war and desolation.

During my short stay at Chantonay, I became intimate with the Curé, a venerable and intelligent old man. He often accompanied me through the country, and pointed out those gloomy monuments I have alluded to. He took a mournful pleasure in indicating those places made remarkable by the victories won by the brave Vendéans, in their well-contested struggles, but which were afterwards blotted out by the blood that flowed in the massacres of Thurreau.

One day feeling fatigued in our excursion—for the sun's heat was oppressive—the good old man led me some distance from the path, to a shady grove, with which he seemed familiar.

Here a large square stone had been converted into a seat, at the base of which ran the waters of a crystalline brook, whose low murmurings seemed like mystic music, as it glided through the sombre shade beneath the spreading trees.

Soon after we had entered this delightful retreat my venerable companion became silent and gloomy. In vain I endeavoured to direct his attention to the various objects of beauty, by which we were surrounded; he did not seem to heed them, and to my incessant and kindly-meant questions he merely nodded, or answered in monosyllables. His eyes, which were fixed on an opening vista in the grove, I perceived were moistened, and feeling that some painful associations must be connected with the place; I rose hoping to lead him from the spot. He was conscious of my intention, and immediately commenced to excuse his emotion, and to apologize for his want of attention to me.

On my expressing anxiety to learn what it was that thus affected him, he said, with some embarrassment, "there were circumstances connected with the place of a very gloomy character, and which could never recur to his memory without throwing a shade of sorrow over his mind. As they form," continued he, "the principal features in the story of my life, and may serve to satisfy the curiosity which my conduct must have excited, the relation of them may, perhaps, be interesting to you."

I expressed my sense of his kindness and the pleasure it would afford me to hear the events of his past life; and now I give these to the reader as accurately as I possibly can from memory.

"My story, sir," said the old man, "varies but little from that of thousands of my countrymen, as the bloody pages of history will tell you; any particular traits of misfortune in my tale of Vendean woe, having, perhaps, for their origin, merely sentiment and feeling.

"My father's cottage stood a few hundred paces from that ruined

village, where just now I have been pointing out to you the traces of civil war. There was I born, and there I passed the happy moments of my childhood, and the still more delightful ones of early youth, when opening life is capable of mingling the sweets of rational pleasure with the simplicity of innocence. Now I look almost in vain for a vestige of those dear by-gone scenes. My native fields are trampled down, the orchard and the garden have quite disappeared, and the flocks of the stranger are folded at night 'neath the once happy, happy home. Yet there my father and my most loving mother once stood. I venerate the spot; each little blade of grass which has sprung up in their footsteps are to me so many dear monuments of nature, sacred to their memory! But, pardon me; such outbursts of feeling in one of my years, and in one professing such mild principles of Christian philosophy must astonish you. Alas! when the evening of life is chilled with wind and rain, and exhibits nothing but a bleak, cheerless gloom, we cannot recall without regret the glow of sunshine which warmed us in the morning!

"In addition to the fond caresses of my parents, and the many endearments which usually accompany the first years of youth, my happiness received an exquisite relish from the company of a young man, with whom, at a very early age, I entered into the strictest ties of friendship. His name was Larivière.

"Our acquaintance commenced at school, where our course of studies brought us closely together. His taste, together with the wishes of his family, induced him to adopt the study of medicine, while my inclination led me to the choice of the ecclesiastical profession; but this diversity of object, as regarded our future career, did not in any way interfere with the tendencies of our friendly feelings.

"Philosophers say, that to constitute a permanent friendship, the opinions and interests of the parties should never be at variance, and that a certain degree of similarity in views and feelings should exist. Larivière and I were almost twin-born in thought and action. Our ages, literary attainments, and tastes were similar; both acted as if moved by one impulse.

"The emotion which I exhibited some moments since, is accounted for when I tell you, that here, where we now rest, we had a bower, which was our constant resort. We called it the grotto of Egeria. The unfailing hand of time has been busy with it since last he and I sat here. In that lapse of years, many a branch has decayed on the beeches and elms, and over our romantic nook luxuriate tall weeds, brambles, and encrusted moss.

"This place, as I before said, was our retreat; here we used to retire after the toils of study to enjoy the pleasure of rational conversation; this rock was our couch, this rivolet our mirror, the rays of evening's crimson sun our fitful torch. Here, with my arm flung carelessly over Larivière's shoulder, would I read aloud the most pathetic passages of history, the finest pieces from the ancient poets, and the most beautiful and imaginative romance. My friend, in silent rapture, would listen, his head reclining lovingly on my bosom, his hand now and then holding the book along with

me, at other times he would read, or sketch in his portfolio some creation of his beautiful fancy. He was a good musician, too, and after some long discourse upon science and philosophy, we would relax our minds with melody. The mellow strains of Larivière's flute, as they were re-echoed from the calm surface of the brook, used to thrill my soul with something of ecstatic pleasure. Amid these intellectual delights our days glided on most happily, and winds which blew to others battalions of troubles, were but as gusts from paradise to us.

"About the time when Larivière and I were preparing to go to Paris for the higher studies requisite for our respective professions, the Revolution broke out with all its terrors. The dreadful events of July, 1789, struck us with horror, and the after scenes did not tend to lessen our dismay. At such a distance from the capital, and impressed as we were with the deepest veneration for monarchy, as well as for the ancient and royal dynasty of Bourbon, we found it difficult to believe in the possibility of such monstrous political convulsions.

"During the two succeeding years the disturbed state of the metropolis rendered it extremely unsafe to venture there, so we were necessitated to remain among all the endearments and simplicity of our rural life.

"I have no doubt, sir, but that the subsequent history of France is well known to you. The revolution burst all bounds and rolled on like a mountain torrent; events followed events like peals in a thunder storm. Never did the demon of anarchy stalk about with such gigantic strides. Louis fell—the just and pious Louis!—descended from the noblest race that ever graced a nation's throne, or gilded with glory the pages of history! His heroic and saintly blood dripped from the scaffold; and to the wide blade of the guillotine, stained by his gore, fell unoffending victims daily!—victims plucked from the noblest houses of France! France was plunged in a very hell of civil and foreign war. While the anarchy held the capital, the allies invaded the frontiers; the south was in arms against the Republic, and the white standard of royalty was unfurled wide among the Chouans of La Vendée. Blood flowed every where; blood drenched the streets of Paris; blood streamed on the frontiers; blood deluged the soil at Marseilles, at Lyons, and in the West!

"Could we at such a crisis remain inactive? There was a time when the idea of war, and the carnage of battle, would make my soul shudder; but so ruled are we by example and impulse, that then I felt my heart pant for the deadly contest. Larivière and I, inflamed with all the glow of youthful energy, and all the romantic love of heroism, flew to the banners of the Bourbons, which floated over our native fields, and joined with ardour in what we deemed a just and virtuous cause.

"Thus did we exchange romance for warfare! Thus did we lead from their rustic simplicity the swains of our village! Dazzled by our swords and muskets, our gaudy dress, consisting of green jacket and green scarf, with white flowing plumes, they eagerly joined Larivière and me, who, in every skirmish, still side by side, led the way to victory.

"The world is well acquainted with the progress of that well-contested

but unfortunate insurrection. As long as the attention of the republicans was divided, success crowned our efforts; but when the power of France became united against us, fully resolved to crush us, and annihilate the royal party, we found ourselves unequally matched. By the veteran army of the Rhine, commanded by Lechell, we were completely overthrown, and blasted were our bright hopes! But General Thurreau had still to play his inhuman part in the harrowing tragedy, and under the bloody auspices of the Commissioner Carrier, he fully satiated his brutality. He divided his forces into ten divisions, (these divisions were called the Infernal Columns), and poured them in upon La Vendée, to scour the country and totally destroy its inhabitants. Extermination was the order of the day passed in the Legislative Assembly. Danton, Robespierre, and Marat cried aloud for lives, and the blood of the Chouans deluged the earth to satiate the thirst of this sanguinary triumvirate.

"What could the scattered peasantry of a thinly-peopled country do? What was bravery or resolution against battalions of blood-drinking fiends? It was madness to think of hazarding an engagement; massacre followed massacre, and ruin followed ruin; and to recall such scenes to memory but harrows the inmost heart.

"The remote situation of our village preserved it in security for a long time, yet its destruction was but delayed. Early one morning the loud report of musketry, at no great distance from it, chilled all hearts with fear. The hour was come! slaughter was on its march!

"I rushed from the bed on which I had been endeavouring to get a few hours' rest, seized my arms, and made hasty preparations to meet the enemy. But, alas! when leaving my cottage home, my stout heart quailed, my manly eyes wept, my limbs grew nerveless! My mother's piteous wail pierced my inmost soul. Wildly she flung herself on her knees, and prayed—'Heaven preserve my son!' Then, cold as marble, she sunk deathlike at my feet. I raised her tenderly, and held her in my arms, until her sorrowful eyes again opened—those eyes that watched so tenderly my infant years—until her lips moved—those lips that never moved but to caress, or breathe kind blessings—until I saw her bosom heave: that breast from which I drew my life. Oh, God, my agony! I rushed from her, not daring to hazard a last look, or hear the tender tones of her voice again. The sound of battle led me towards Larivière's quarter of the village. On approaching his dwelling, a sickening sensation almost overpowered me; I saw it in flames, and as I gained the threshold, wading in blood, already were all within destroyed. Oh, where was Larivière?

"I hastened from this scene of waste on to where the battle raged—it was not one hundred paces distant—and joined heartily and bravely in the contest.

"Alas! alas! our little band soon became oppressed by numbers, and gradually gave way. It was only, then that I beheld the manly figure of Larivière—veiled with the blue smoke of the cannon, foremost in the danger—I caught the quick glance of his piercing eye; its expression spoke

more than the tongue could have done. Even in that terrible moment, when his bosom was torn by the contending passions of grief, vengeance, and despair, friendship for me reigned predominant, and found utterance in his wonderful eyes. On he rushed, stimulating and encouraging his comrades—on, on to ruin! All efforts to stem the tide of destruction were useless. The thick column of the enemy pushed forward, and our brave but unfortunate villagers were obliged to fly.

“At this crisis, I again saw Larivière; he was about to plunge into the stream, doubtless, to gain the copse at the opposite side, while I was obliged to seek refuge from the enemy by flying in a totally different direction towards a neighbouring wood. Creeping through its dark recesses I spent many hours, groaning with despair and anguish; I suffered much bodily pain from a wound I had received in my arm, but my mental agony was unendurable. I had hoped when I retreated towards the forest, that my parents would have taken shelter there before me. I searched for them in vain. Hour after hour passed without finding the loved objects of my search. Suspense in this solitude became maddening, and but for faith—faith in an eternity—and hope in God’s mercy, would have ended in self-destruction. Towards evening I ventured from my retreat, and stealthily sought home. Home!—Ah, I had no longer a home! As I approached that once happy spot, I found it in flames—already, I may say, consumed. Imagine what agonies rent my bosom, as I saw the burning ruins of my blissful dwelling. Even now I cannot endure the recollection. The charred bodies of my parents I rushed in search of, hoping, however sinful it may have been, that the cinders of my body might mingle with theirs in one consumed mass.

“Before I reached the door of the cottage, I saw extended before it the body of one of our faithful servants. He was writhing in torture. Deep gashes literally severed his limbs, and he was unable to remove from the heat of the flames, which were already beginning to scorch him. Faintly he begged for one drop of water—‘only one drop.’ Without much difficulty I procured some for the poor fellow. After I had moistened his lips, he revived a little, and recognised me. For the moment joy lighted up his haggard face. I asked him about my mother, and with his feeble, dying breath he gave me to understand that both she and my father, along with a number of others, had been tied on a wagon, and driven off towards Nantz, to suffer the newly invented punishment of drowning in the Loire.

“Soon after I had parted from my mother in the morning, a detachment of the republican army, that had been hiding in the skirts of the forest, rushed forward, unperceived by the few people who remained shut up in their houses, and these they seized, butchered, burnt, or carried off, as their fiendish fancy prompted. During the war of La Vendée, one of the judicial punishments employed against the enemies of the republic was, you are aware, to have them tied up in great numbers, conveyed down the Loire in old hulks, and sunk. This expeditious means of ridding themselves of the insurgents, was known to me, so that the dying words of

the old servant I felt were correct, and as I stood over his livid corpse, and gazed on his ghastly figure, my brain became maddened with a host of despairing thoughts. My mother's image rose up before me; her tenderness, the last agonizing farewell look, her bitter tears as she blessed me, the helplessness of my poor old sickly father, the inhuman death awaiting both; my country lost, the friends of our cause defeated, scattered, massacred—and Larivière, the idol of my boyhood, the friend of my youth, did he breathe? did earth still hold him living? With thoughts of his safety, new life was born in me—hope, a single gleam of hope, stole into my soul, like the pale sunbeam which finds its way through some crevice into a dungeon, not wholly dispelling darkness, yet soothing the wretched inmate. I would search the world for him; I resolved to devote the remainder of the days, be they many or few, left to me, to the discovery of Larivière.

“To this bower, my dear friend, I first repaired; not only would the love he bore the spot have led him to it, I thought, but the means it afforded him for concealment. Hopefully, then, did I seek him, yet found him not; softly did I call his name, no answer cheered me in my desolation. Body and mind became worn out in my fruitless search; I had not strength sufficient to prolong it further, and here, on this very stone, I sought rest, that I might be enabled to pursue this task of love again by the dawning day.

“Suddenly from the river, in that obscure spot, where the overhanging trees dip into the water, some object floated into light. It was the body of a man, it came nearer; my heart stopped beating, cold sweat broke from my forehead, my teeth chattered. I started madly up, plunged into the stream, and caught the long hair of the drowned man. I regained the bank with my burden, turned round his face, oh, so slowly, and there beheld Larivière, the cold corpse of Larivière—his beautiful face, white as the lily on the Bourbon shield, his bosom gashed and clotted with gore!

“Alas! what was life to me now; all, all, were gone. I had nothing more to do with love or friendship, and little with existence, but that was my Heavenly Father's, and to His will I tried to resign myself.

“The events of my subsequent career are uninteresting. Circumstances led me to Bilboa. There I gained the esteem of a venerable Abbe, by whose assistance I was enabled to finish my ecclesiastical studies. Soon after I went to America, where I joined the French missions in Louisiana. For twenty years I laboured hard, then yielded to a strong impulse I had long felt to return to my native country.

“Need I say that on my return, I found myself a perfect stranger here. Few families survived the tragic scenes I have related to you, and to these I was utterly unknown. Yet by all have I been kindly treated, and warmly received.

“I now find a soothing pleasure in wandering in this grove, which I visited so often in the company of Larivière; to drop a tear on the site of the cottage where my fond father and mother cherished the tender years of my infancy, and when wearied to retire to this little bower, where,

reclining on this rock, I think again and again of scenes of pleasure or misfortune now so long past.

"Thus, sir, ends my tale ; when you return to your own country, and join your happy family circle, you may probably think sometimes of the old Curé, and of his bower of friendship ; but if ever you love any one as I loved Larivière, may Heaven forbid that wars, like those of La Vendée, should come to separate you, as they separated us."

About three months after, returning from an excursion to the Pyrenees, I had occasion to pass again through La Vendée, on my route to Nantz. I turned a few miles off the road towards Chantonay, to pay a farewell visit to my venerable friend, the Curé, before I left the country. When I reached his house I found it shut up. Alas, the old Curé was dead ! his grief-stricken heart found rest a few weeks after he had discoursed with me on the subject of his sorrows.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA.

THAT the Greek Church is the established religion of Russia is generally very well known—it is so stated in all our geographies, and is frequently referred to in the newspapers—but beyond this simple fact the amount of popular knowledge on the subject is exceedingly scanty. Perhaps the notion that would be generally entertained, if people reflected on the matter, would be that a wonderful unanimity in religious opinions necessarily must prevail in the empire of the Czar—in fact, that the government would not allow it to be otherwise—and such assuredly would be the case, but for the perverse infatuation which drives men to differ, even in the very teeth of the most stringent and formidable restrictions imposed by the civil power, unless something more potent than the civil power has to do with it. However, it so happens that the religious sects of Russia are extremely numerous, that many of them run into the wildest extravagancies of the human mind, and that some of them adopt the most monstrous, and even anti-social practices. A great many subjects of the Czar, both in Europe and Asia, are Mahomedans, and others of them, as the Samoièdes, are still absolutely pagans ; but we refer here only to the Christian sects, and of these as many as two hundred were reckoned by a Russian prelate, the bishop of Rostoff, at the commencement of the eighteenth century. Some of these have since become extinct, but several new ones have sprung into existence, and of the existing sects some exert a powerful influence on the character of the people, and the progress of the nation.

In general, we know very little more about the institutions and internal affairs of Russia than about those of Central Africa. In both cases we are indebted to a few, and only a few, enterprising travellers for the information on the subject which we possess ; and for the succinct account

which we propose here to give of some of the most remarkable of the Russian religious sects, we shall rely chiefly on the details furnished by M. Haxthausen, an enlightened German traveller, who made it his special object to collect such details, and whose Russian predilections, as well as the fact of his not being a Catholic, forbid us to suppose that he exaggerates the absurdities which he describes, or could have any religious motive for putting them in an unfavourable point of view.

Christianity penetrated into Russia about the ninth century, and was introduced there from the Eastern Church, even then verging upon schism, although not for a long time after positively schismatic. The Russian Church, therefore, participated in the vicissitudes of the Greek Church, and can scarcely be said to have been for any considerable time firmly united in the bonds of one faith with the church of the west. - Locally, and by political writers, it is styled the "Orthodox Greek Church"—although, of course, designated schismatical by Catholics—in order to distinguish it from the "United Greek Church," which is so called from being in union with the Roman Church, and which admits the supremacy of the Pope, but in point of numbers is very limited. The relics of Gnosticism were still very widely scattered in the east at the time of the conversion of Russia, and penetrated there long with Christianity. The older Russian sects, therefore, exhibit obvious traces of Gnostic origin, and are distinguished in a very marked way from the modern sects, or those which have sprung up since the seventeenth century. Hence the sects may be divided naturally into the *old* and the *new*, and we shall take them in this order.

Among the old sects the most remarkable are the *Morelschiki*, or "Self-Sacrificers," who are of two classes; those, namely, who immolate themselves wholly, and those who do so only partially. As the former are especially and very severely prohibited by the law, the utmost secrecy is observed about their doctrines; but the horrible nature of their leading principle, and the catastrophes to which it frequently gives rise, leave no doubt whatever of the existence of the sect, which is supposed to be most numerous in the north of the empire. M. Haxthausen has given us the following account of their self-immolations:—

"Some of these fanatics assemble in a retired situation, and, with certain strange ceremonies, dig a deep pit, which they line with timber, straw, and various combustible materials. When the work is finished, a number of them, varying from twenty to a hundred persons, form a procession, and descend into the pit, set fire to the combustibles which surround it, and, chaunting a death-song, commit themselves to the flames, with a courage and stoicism perfectly inconceivable. Sometimes they adopt a different mode, and assemble in a house, which they have previously surrounded with straw, to which they set fire, thus burning themselves to death, while several spectators look on the horrible scene without attempting to interfere, regarding the self-immolators as saints." These frightful, wholesale acts of suicide are termed "baptism by fire;" they take place every year in some quarter, in spite of the police, and are

mentioned by various travellers besides M. Haxthausen. Some years ago, the police interrupted a scene of carnage in which fifty of the Morelschiki had met to butcher each other. Already forty-seven lay dead; one, a young woman of the sect, had failed in courage and fled, and two of the fanatics still survived, waiting to accomplish the work upon themselves, when the police interfered and saved them further trouble by inflicting on them the knout until they expired. Fanatics of this sect become first-rate assassins, as they have no fear of death.

The second kind of self-sacrificers are the *Skoptzi* or eunuchs, who form a very numerous and wealthy class, comprising most of those engaged in the sale of gold and silver articles, the money-changers of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Riga, and other cities. Some of their practices are of such a nature as would not admit of explanation here, and many of the vague and obscure notions that constitute their theology, are quite inconsistent with Christianity. They believe that God the Father alone existed in the commencement; that he created the world; that Christ was not God, but only the anointed of the Lord, in whom God the Father manifested himself, and through whom he spoke. They believe that the Holy Ghost is also a manifestation of the Father; that Christ did not die, but has always lived under some form upon the earth, and that he lives at present in the person of the emperor, Peter III., who, as they think, was not murdered, but made his escape to Irkutsk, whence he is soon to return, and to establish his empire in the kremlin, to the great glory and triumph of the *Skoptzi*! They imagine that they alone have the true gospel, which has been concealed and walled up in the cupola of the church of St. Andrew, at St. Petersburg, by Peter III. They do not believe in the resurrection of the body, nor have they any sabbath, their only festival being Easter day, when each of them eats a morsel of bread that has been consecrated by lying in the tomb of some mystic personage of their sect. This is what they call their communion. On Saturday nights they generally perform certain singular and mysterious ceremonies, which they designate *Karablick*, a word signifying a fragile bark tossed on the sea. M. Haxthausen was present at one of these ceremonies, and the wild enthusiasm with which they sang some recitative chaunts on the occasion, and the fierce, unnatural expression of their eyes, made on him a painful and lasting impression. The members of the sect recognise each other by certain mysterious signs, and all of them possess portraits of the unfortunate Peter III. They are most zealous proselytizers, and do not hesitate to pay large sums of money to gain converts.

A sect analogous to the *Skoptzi*, and who, in several matters, hold communion with them, are the *Chlisti*, or flagellants, of whose doctrines nothing exact is known, but whose religious assemblies are ascertained to be scenes of frightful disorder. On these occasions they form circles, one outside the other, and dance, leap, and stamp the ground with their feet, in a frantic manner, until they fall from exhaustion, all the while inflicting on themselves a flagellation, whence they take their name. The *Skoptzi* join in those meetings, and at the assembly held at Easter, they indulge in

horrible orgies, which we shall not shock the reader by attempting to describe. M. Haxthausen had a secretary at Moscow, who belonged to this sect, and who furnished him with numerous details on the subject. Although they call themselves Christians, one of the rites of initiation consists in spitting on the image of Christ crucified. They have no marriage, wives and children being a sort of common property; and when one of their women happens to marry a man not belonging to the sect, if the husband is supposed to have obtained a knowledge of their mysteries he is generally found to disappear in some unaccountable manner. Some of these fanatics mortify themselves by wearing old coats of mail next their skin, or hair-cloth shirts. They hold dogs in great abhorrence, believing them to be possessed by demons, but certain kinds of insects are regarded by them as protecting spirits, and are, therefore, never killed. Some twenty years ago, the police found their way to one of their meetings at Moscow, and made their obscene and impious orgies the subject of a printed report.

The *Bezslowestnie*, or "mutes," are another of the ancient sects, but of the doctrine and practices of these fanatics the world is in total ignorance, as each member, upon his initiation, becomes instantaneously dumb, and no possible inducement or punishment has ever been able to make one of them pronounce a word, or disclose their secrets. A governor of Siberia, in the reign of Catherine II., subjected them to various tortures, such as causing burning wax to fall drop by drop upon their bodies, but without being able to elicit from them a single word.

The *Sabatnihi*, or Sabbath observers, are in reality a Jewish sect, having been founded by a Jew named Zachary, at Novogorod, in 1470, who, according to Karamzin, persuaded a great number of "popes," or priests, that the law of Moses was the only one really of divine origin, and hence they only receive the Old Testament, of which they have a very ancient Slavonic translation, as they are ignorant of the Hebrew language. They believe that the Messiah is yet to come, and like the Saducees, they deny the resurrection of the body. They are regarded by their ignorant neighbours as profoundly skilled in sorcery and magic.

Another of the old sects, but one totally different from any of the preceding, are those who are styled Followers of Christ Glorified. These people imagine that the image impressed on St. Veronica's handkerchief is that of our Saviour in a state of glory, and that it was given as He was ascending into heaven, whereas Catholics believe that it represents our Lord in his passion. This image forms the chief object of worship with the sect in question, who reject all other pictures, &c.; and their devotion consists in abandoning themselves to the profound contemplation of this image, which would seem to have a kind of mesmeric influence on them when they have fixed their eyes intently on it for some time.

The second class of sects consists of those which arose out of the great Russian schism of the seventeenth century, and its most remarkable divisions are thus described by M. Haxthausen:—The translation of the Holy Scriptures into Slavonic, by SS. Cyril and Methodius, is regarded by competent judges, as excellent, and was introduced into Russia along

with the liturgical books of the Eastern Church at the same time with Christianity. At that time knowledge flourished in the cloisters, as the manuscripts produced in them up to the close of the thirteenth century sufficiently show. But all their learning disappeared under the domination of the Mongols, which prevailed, more or less, from the year 1243 until 1477. The priests and monks during this gloomy period ceased to understand the language of the church, and numerous errors crept into the liturgical manuscripts; different usages became established in the various principalities into which the vast country was then subdivided, and when, at length, the unity of Russia was restored, under a prince of Moscow, and a patriarchate was established, those numerous abuses became more glaring. In the course of time the patriarchs, encouraged by the Czars, undertook a reformation, but they were not equal to the task, and in their attempts to restore the primitive text of the liturgical books, they retained a great many of the errors that had been introduced into them. At length, Nikon, who was raised to the patriarchate in 1652, took this matter to heart, and resolved to remedy the evil. For this purpose he sent learned monks to Mount Athos, to consult the ancient manuscripts, and after long researches, he finally published the primitive text of the Bible, and of the liturgical books purified and corrected, and ordered that henceforward these alone should be used. To this reform a terrible opposition soon arose. A great many of the priests, and the people led by them, raised a fanatical outcry, charging him with introducing novelties, and with leaning towards the Poles and the Roman Church; and as the Eastern Church has no supreme head, whose authority could settle religious disputes, the schism extended itself every day. The very essence of the Eastern Church is tradition. Even the smallest ornament in the church is handed down from one generation to another, and no one has a right to change its shape or character. The hierarchy is merely the depository of the external worship, without having any authority to alter it in any particular, or to interpret or explain the doctrine or even the ceremonial of the church. Nikon, therefore, although he was quite right, and had the approbation of the other eastern patriarchs, could produce no effect upon the people, without the aid of the temporal power, which entered into his views, and took up the matter with great zeal. It was not, however, till the reign of Peter the Great, (1689...1725,) that the schism assumed its definite character, and from that time to the present, the *Staroverzi*, or ancient believers, as they call themselves, that is, those who refused to adopt the reforms of Nikon, have formed a most powerful and numerous party in Russia, with a political as well as a religious character. They were, of course, designated *Raskolniki*, or heretics, by the orthodox; but, in the attempts which have been repeatedly made to conciliate them, and bring about a nominal union, it was agreed that this term should no longer be applied to them. It was also admitted that they should retain all their own rites and usages, and nothing was required of them but that their priests should be ordained by the bishops of the established church; but all the concessions were unavailing, and the *Staroverzi* have retained their inde-

pendence. They have now no bishops of their own, and are said to have no priests except such as are expelled from the church, or who repair to them on account of the inducements they hold out. Formerly they had several convents in the north, in which their bishops resided, but these were suppressed when discovered by the government; yet even at present they have a few religious communities in the northern forests, in which scandalous abuses are said to prevail. The Staroverzi constitute the genuine old Russian party; it is from them the government receives all the opposition to reforms and new institutions. They are all conservatives in the strictest sense of the word. They adhere to the old ways in costume, manners, and customs, as well as in religion and politics. From them the Emperor Alexander has encountered the most formidable resistance to his schemes of amelioration; and, if concessions to the unhappy Poles were proposed, it is the Staroverzi who would raise the fiercest cry of opposition. Still, they are said to be superior to other Russians of the same grade in education and morals, and all of them have nearly the whole Bible at their fingers' ends.

"The inhabitants of Great Russia, but especially the Cossacks," observes M. Haxthausen, "are of a lively, gay, animated disposition, with more or less inconstancy and levity in their character; while the people of Little Russia, on the contrary, are pensive, dreamy, prone to melancholy, and slow in their movements. One would naturally conclude that the more serious sect was that which was best adapted to the disposition of the latter, and that it was among them the greatest number of Staroverzi would be found, but the fact is quite the other way. The Staroverzi of Little Russia are all of Great Russian origin, nor have they been able to make any proselytes, in the former country: whereas in Great Russia, and especially among the Cossacks, who are of a bold and lively disposition, the sect is daily progressing. Its principal stronghold is in the government of Saratov, and near the Ural mountains, and in Siberia. It is confined altogether to the class of peasants, and of merchants and manufacturers descended from peasants. There are no nobles, or learned men, or theologians in its communion. Its doctrines are propagated solely by tradition, and its liturgical books are transcribed in the religious houses, but no new book is produced. Wherever modern civilization is progressing among the Russians, it is gradually thinning the ranks of the Staroverzi, and at the same time limiting the use of the old national costumes; but it is said that morality has gained nothing by the change."

It is among the Staroverzi, observes the author whom we have been following, that the true national character of the primitive Russians should be studied. They constitute, in fact, the old Russian party. According to their notions of ethnology, there are only three great nations; the first comprises themselves, and other people of the same origin, as the Servians and Poles, all whom they designate Sloveni, that is, people who speak and are understood. The next race, according to them, are the Niemtzi or Mutes, comprising all the people of the west: and the third are the Mussulmans, under which name they comprise all the eastern nations. They

do not consider the people of the west to be Christians, as not having received baptism by immersion, and most of them will not even admit the validity of the baptism conferred in the Orthodox Church of Russia. Having no hierarchy or regular priesthood, they suppose themselves to be in the position of Christians on a desolate island, who, being deprived of the sacraments, participate in their fruits by prayer and piety, and they firmly hope that the other Russians will one day renounce the errors of Nikon, and join them in the true fold. Some of them imagine that the reign of Antichrist began with Nikon, and that they are the only true Christians scattered like strayed sheep, awaiting the coming of the Lord, which is near at hand.

Totally different from any of the preceding sects, are the two modern ones, denominated *Malakani*, or "milk-eaters," and *Douchobortzi*, or "wrestlers of the spirit." The latter of these sects grew out of the former, and neither of them is older than the middle of the last century. The "milk-eaters" are so called from the circumstance of using milk and "white meats" in Lent, but they call themselves by a name, signifying "true Christians." They made their first appearance in the government of Tambov, whence they spread rapidly into several other governments, but they are still wholly confined to the peasant class. They have seven sacraments, but have no regular place of worship, as their idea of a church is realised in a spiritual assemblage of the faithful. They reject sacred images, and refuse to take an oath; in this and some other points resembling our Quakers. Indeed, their founder is said to have been a Prussian Protestant, who became a prisoner in Russia after the seven years' war. One of their distinctive doctrines is that of the near approach of the Millennium. In 1833, one of their members, named Terenti, took it into his head that he was the prophet Elias, sent to prepare the way for the second coming of the Lord. He preached penance and mortification; assured the people that the great event was to take place in two years and a half, and that Enoch was, at the same time, sent into the west to announce the same happy tidings which he brought to them. The miserable fanatic actually fixed the day on which he was to be carried up to heaven for the second time, and his faithful *Malakani* arrived in tens of thousands, from all points, to witness the miracle. "Elias" himself came punctually to the spot, seated in great majesty in a chariot. He then ordered the multitude to prostrate themselves, and, extending his arms as if they had been wings, jumped upwards with all his might; but, alas! he fell to the earth in a most pitiable manner, and nearly crushed a poor woman to death in his fall! A fearful tumult ensued. The *Malakani*, who had been nearly exhausted with all their prayers and fasting, were desperately provoked at the failure of the *pseudo* prophet, and dragged him ignominiously before the nearest tribunal, where he was sentenced to be imprisoned until such time as he should discover that he was not the real Elias. This, it appears, did not require a very long period; but Terenti, though now admitting that he was not Elias, nevertheless continued to predict the approach of the Millennium to the end of his days. What a pity that our present

English prophet, Dr. Cumming, cannot be induced to verify in person the truth of some of his predictions, and that he is not treated in a similar way on the result! It appears that the Malakani are in the habit of becoming suddenly "inspired," and falling into convulsions at their assemblages, so that the thing should be quite familiar to them. They were, however, grievously mistaken on another important occasion; for when Napoleon I. undertook his Russian campaign, they imagined that he was "the lion of the valley of Josaphat," coming to dethrone the false emperor, and to confer the crown on the "White Czar." They, therefore, despatched to him envoys, dressed in white, only one of whom succeeded in reaching his camp, the others having been seized at the Vistula, and dealt with in the usual Russian fashion. The result of the campaign must have grievously disappointed their hopes.

The *Douchoborzi* are a species of illuminati, who were first heard of about the year 1770, although they themselves trace their origin to one of the three young men who were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchodonosor! They have no pretension to be called Christians; for, according to them, Christ was only the son of God in the same way that any of the faithful may be; the whole human race is, in fact, the Son of God, and a belief in the historic Christ is not at all necessary to salvation. They have no church and no public worship; and, according to their confession of faith, each person is, himself or herself, at once temple, priest, and victim. Being all equal in God, they admit no distinction of class whatever. Some of them condemn all kinds of pleasures, but others indulge in secret orgies. Sometimes they place a boy, clothed in white, upon an altar, and adore him as an image and symbol of the Divine Spirit, which they suppose lives in their sect alone, being either dead or asleep in the rest of mankind. At other times, they meet together to sing psalms, to which they give mysterious interpretations. Finally, they believe that the soul of Christ will be publicly manifested in one of their sect, and that they will, after some time, reign supreme over the rest of the world.

These are only a few of the numerous religious sects which divide the population of Russia; but the curious details which we have here collected, may serve to show the deplorable state of religion in that vast empire, and the utter impotence of the Russian Church, even aided by the state, to remedy such a state of things.

A TALE OF A TELEGRAM.


PART I.

My friends entirely approved of my taking the situation. It appeared to meet my wishes, as stated in the advertisements which my uncle James had put in the English and French newspapers, exactly. No; perhaps not quite exactly, because the gentleman who engaged me as governess to his children was a widower, and I had not said anything about that, but then

all my relations saw Mr. Lydyard, and were quite satisfied. The way the matter was settled was very simple. I had been for three weeks at the Governess's Institution in Harley-street; I remained there in preference, instead of with my Uncle James, at Kensington, because I knew I should get a home feeling at his house, and should suffer, in some degree, agony, such as I have suffered when I first knew home was not for me, but labour and loneliness were. They loved me, and would have made me happy, and I dreaded that; for, suppose I still had found within me some of the present life of youth, what then? No, no, I was a governess, and when out of place I chose the home for servants of my sort. A letter came one morning for me, which contained these words: "The lady who advertises as a governess, willing to go abroad, under the initials, 'A. G.,' is requested to call this afternoon on Mrs. Hauton, Grosvenor-place."

This letter had been left by a servant, was written in an extremely pretty and delicate hand, on very thick, satin-like paper, and sealed with a finely-cut seal, the impression "Che sara, sara." I liked this letter somehow, principally because it said the "lady," and not the "person." You see little people are little minded, and feel little stings and wounds with absurd acuteness, they are also sensitive to small pleasures and attentions. Besides, I had a kind of passion for seals. I had quite a collection of impressions of bread seals and mottoes I had seen on note paper and similar trifles. Shall I get this situation? I thought. Of course it means going abroad. I wonder if Mrs. Hauton be a widow and the children's mother. I hope I may succeed, for my little stock of money is getting low; and I have had so many disappointments. Well, (and my eyes fell on the letter, which I kept smoothing out on the table with my hand,) "Che sara, sara," I went to the apartment which the inmates of the institution shared in common as a sitting-room, and opened my desk, an old-fashioned implement, with a trellis work of braid under the compartments, to hold letters. Having copied the name and address into my tablets, I put the letter which had taken my fancy with some others under the braid straps. It would be no use to try and read, I knew my mind would, in spite of me, wander into the kingdom of the perhaps; and so, as there was no one just then to dispute the piano with me, to the use of which machine, lest we other machines should get out of practice, we were entitled. I sat down to play exercises and scales until I should be interrupted by another claimant of the revolving stool. The monotony of the occupation did not prevent me from dwelling in anticipation on four o'clock, which time beheld me punctually arrived at Mrs. Hauton's house.

I reached the door at the same time with a postman; as a footman opened the door he extended his hand for the letters ordinarily consigned to the box. I saw several addressed to Lieutenant-General Hauton. The address solved one of my doubts; Mrs. Hauton was not a widow. I was ushered into a library, opening from the hall. The room was empty. I sat down and took up a book. In a few minutes I heard voices on the stairs, then steps at the door, and a lady entered, followed by a gentleman, who bowed gravely as I rose, and seated himself at a distance, and in the shade.



The lady advanced towards me, and with a courteous salutation, spoke thus, first glancing at my card, which she held in her hand—

"You are very punctual, indeed, Miss Armytage, I had only just begun to expect you."

I bowed, and she resumed—

"I am anxious to engage a lady to undertake the education of two little girls, now in Paris, where, if we agree, you would join them."

"I concluded, madam, I should have to leave England; I wish to do so."

During this short colloquy, we looked attentively at one another, though, no doubt, with very unequal feelings. Mrs. Hanton was a tall, slight, elegant woman, about forty, with a winning, sad, refined, lofty face, and the most beautiful hands I ever saw. She had a way of folding them which gave a certain calm patience to her demeanour, which was very attractive.

"May I ask if you are accustomed to the sole charge of pupils?" she said.

"No, madam, I have not yet taken such a responsibility, but I have been accustomed to teaching all my life."

"No very long period, Miss Armytage," she said, with a smile, in which there was a question.

"I am thirty years old, madam, and have been a teacher for fifteen, though homeless during only one. I hope I may meet your wishes, it is a great object to me to be out of employment as short a time as possible."

"Your acquirements are those stated in your advertisement?"

"Strictly so, madam, I can teach French, Italian, and instrumental music."

"You do not sing, I believe?" "Not at all."

"Will you tell me what salary you have decided upon asking?"

"That would depend on how many of these branches of education your children require to be taught in, and, indeed, I should prefer hearing what salary you propose to give."

For the first time since they had entered the apartment, Mrs. Hanton turned towards our silent companion, whose presence, in truth, I had almost forgotten.

At her look, he rose and came towards me, standing between my chair and that occupied by Mrs. Hanton, and resting his hand, on which was a seal ring, on the back of a fauteuil, as he stood.

"The children, for whom we wish to engage your kind offices," he said, (in one of the most musical voices I had ever heard,) "are not Mrs. Hanton's, they are mine. I believe you will suit me, Miss Armytage. I like your appearance and manners. You do not profess too much, and you are a lady. My children are not ill-conducted, nor ill-disposed. If you will undertake the charge, it must be at once. I cannot remain in London beyond two days longer. I purpose to fix the salary of the lady who will take charge of my children at £100 a year. She will be mistress of my house as far as direction goes, but this will involve no personal trouble. I

shall leave the children in Paris for some years, and shall be, generally speaking, absent."

Two things struck me while he spoke: one, that his speech sounded laboured, and as if learned by heart; the other, that he was striving with some hardly suppressed impatience.

He was tall, very thin, with a fine, solemn face, and dark eyes, very colourless complexion, thick brown moustache, and scanty hair, already turning gray, he was about thirty-five.

The terms he mentioned were far more liberal than I expected, the prospect pleasing. I hesitated for a moment, however—there was a question I wished to ask. At length I did ask it.

"May I enquire your name, sir?"

"Certainly, Miss Armytage, I am called Ralph Lydyard," this with a remarkably sweet smile.

"Is Mrs. Lydyard here, sir?"

"My children have suffered the great misfortune of losing their mother, Miss Armytage." I received this information in silence, which was unbroken until Mrs. Hauton spoke.

"The children, my nieces, are at present, under the charge of their nurse, a faithful servant of the family for many years. Should you accept the situation, my dear young lady, my maid will escort you to your destination in Paris. You will, of course, consult your friends; and we, the references you have come prepared, no doubt, to give us." I replied by drawing from my pocket-book a card, on which were written four names. Mrs. Hauton received the card with a bow, which I interpreted to imply a dismissal.

I therefore rose, and, saying the terms were rather above than below my expectation, asked Mr. Lydyard if he could see my uncle, Mr. James Armytage, in the evening, as his avocation prevented the possibility of his waiting on him in the day time.

"Certainly," he replied; "I hope he will allow me to call upon him to-morrow evening. I shall write to make an appointment with him."

"You may as well get the address from Miss Armytage, and write now," said Mrs. Hauton, or, as I should say at once, his sister, and as she spoke, she rang the bell. Mr. Lydyard seated himself at a writing-table; I made some remark about a fine engraving which hung opposite to my seat; and the footman entered. "Has the General come in?"

"No, Ma'am."

"The brougham, as soon as possible."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Miss Armytage, the evening has begun to fall, you will allow me the pleasure of taking you home." It was a pleasant and unusual courtesy; I thanked her, and accepted. Mr. Lydyard soon concluded his note, and turning on his chair, read it out. It was a very courteously worded request for an interview on the following evening with my uncle. He lighted a taper, placed the letter ready for sealing, and then, addressing me, asked

how he should direct it? I moved nearer to him to reply, but waited until he had finished sealing the letter.

As he turned the envelope, my very quick sight discerned the impression of the seal-ring he had used, "Che sara, sara." The ring, at which I glanced as he wrote from my dictation, was a superb amethyst, set in carved gold.

Almost immediately the carriage was announced. Mrs. Hanton's maid brought her bonnet, cashemire, and gloves; Mr. Lydyard handed us into the brougham, and we drove away. With the perfect taste and good breeding which were her characteristics, as even our short acquaintance had taught me, Mrs. Hanton said nothing in reference to the subject which had occupied us. She talked pleasantly and sensibly on indifferent subjects; and left me at the institution with a kindlier feeling towards her than I entertained for any human being out of my uncle's house.

As I commenced my little narrative, by saying my friends approved of my taking the situation, there is no occasion to enter into any particulars of my own interview with my uncle, nor of his description of his conference with Mr. Lydyard. All was settled between them.

"His being a widower is unfortunate, Grace," said Uncle James; "you will have so much more responsibility."

"His being a widower is the best thing about it, Grace," said Aunt Margaret; "gentlemen are always either kind to, or wholly oblivious of, a governess when there are no women to interfere; you will not have *that* tyranny, at all events." Poor Aunt Margaret, she could not forget the old days of slavery; for she, too, had been a governess before my uncle had taken her home to his humble and happy dwelling, and the very contrast of her quiet and happy, independent life, made her insist the more upon "*Com' è sale il pane d'altrui*."

I called on Mrs. Hanton three days afterwards, by her appointment, and learned that Mr. Lydyard had already started for Paris. She told me he had requested her to make arrangements for my joining him as soon as possible, and that all their applications to the different friends I had named, had been entirely satisfactory. We had some conversation about my future pupils. I found they were children of eight and ten years old, the eldest very clever, and both beautiful. Their names, customary in the family, (one being Mrs. Hanton's own,) Maud, and Marguerite. On this occasion I saw, and was named to General Hanton, a brusque, soldierly, pre-occupied man, with a clear, sharp voice, and a rapid eye. A few minutes before I took leave, I said—"Do the children resemble their mother at all?" "I cannot say," replied the General; "we never saw Mrs. Lydyard." The General answered, but I had asked the question of his wife.

I went to Paris two days afterwards, having declined the attendance of Mrs. Hanton's maid, on discovering that Mr. Lydyard had left his valet to afford me protection on the not very perilous or important journey—a steady, middle-aged man of imperturbable gravity, and punctilious propriety; he inspected me, at different periods of the transit, with business-like precision.

On my rambling thoughts and speculations, when I found myself really on my way to my new sphere of action, I need not dwell. Curiously drifting upwards from the waves of imagination and speculation, came a recollection of the motto, which might have been that of my present undertaking. "Che sara, sara." I saw it on the seal of the letter now journeying with me; I saw it on the hand, resting on the fauteuil, in that handsome room from which I was speeding so fast; I saw it on the letter to my Uncle James—it terminated every section of my ruminations. Guess, hope, plan, speculate as I would, all came to that only certainty in the end, "Che sara, sara."

Mr. Lydyard occupied a very handsome and spacious suite of apartments, on the ground floor of a large hotel in the Rue de l'Université. I learned that this was considered an out-of-the-way quarter, and, indeed, the entire faubourg, like every thing else in France with respectable associations, quite out of fashion. All was novel, and, in truth, delightful to me. I must not let my acute recollection of every incident, however minute, and of every impression of the commencement of my life in Paris tempt me into prolixity.

When I have told what happened on my arrival, I shall have to pass over a long interval, during which I gradually became convinced that there may be an amount of peace and freedom, an absence from mortification, and a degree of home life in the condition of a governess, which I had never hitherto believed possible. So much for myself; what I have to tell is only collaterally connected with me; I have merely been incidental in the events of my story, and am best out of sight now and always.

I reached Paris in the evening, not sufficiently late to feel as if I had been up all night, nor sufficiently early to make going to bed irksome and ridiculous, between which two extremes I observe one's journey usually alternate. I was most kindly and respectfully received by the children's nurse, who was, I found, the only English person, with the exception of Louis, the valet, in Mr. Lydyard's service. Her appearance prepossessed me in her favour at once. She had a sensible, loving English face, and showed me a consideration I expected less from a person in her station, than I should have done from a superior. I found a large room, with a glowing wood fire, and the usual waxed oaken floor, and superabundance of looking-glass. All the arrangements, however, were not French; my national prejudices had been consulted with regard to the washing apparatus, and a large square of rich carpeting lay in the open fire-place, extending beneath a centre table, a couch, and an arm chair; thus marking out, as it were, from the foreign extent in the distance, a little British island of ease.

"Mr. Lydyard thought you would prefer supper being served in your own room, madam," said nurse.

"Thank you, nurse, I do very much. Are the children in bed?"

"Yes, ma'am. I thought it too late, and little Marguerite is so excitable, she would not have slept after seeing a stranger."

"Poor little thing. I hope she will like the stranger. Have you been with them always, nurse?"

"Yes, ma'am. You will not put away anything to-night, ma'am. Louise, the young ladies' maid, will attend your orders in the morning."

"Very well, nurse, thank you. I will only get out the things I require to-night. Is it long since Mrs. Lydyard died?"

"Miss Marguerite was two years old, she is eight this month.~ Here is your dressing-gown, ma'am—and now I will bring in your coffee."

"Thank you, nurse—so long ago, I thought his bereavement must have been recent, he looks so very grave and sad." Nurse made no answer. She left the room, returned quickly with a tray, on which were many good things, in addition to such coffee as I had never before tasted; and receiving an assurance, that I required nothing more to perfect my comfort, she left the room, and I was soon asleep. I heard the sound of children's voices in the morning, long before Louise entered my room. My toilet was quickly made, and I summoned her to conduct me to the *salle-à-manger*. As I entered, a little nervously, Mr. Lydyard came forward and welcomed me most courteously. The apartment looked into the quaint, formal garden, sunless and orderly, surrounded on three sides by the immense tiers of building which formed the hotel, and on the fourth, opposite to the room we were in, by a high wall, and heavy iron gilt gates. The window's were open, the sashes thrown back, though the morning was cool, and logs blazed merrily on the hearth. How clearly I remember that scene, I can recall the scent of the plants in the verandah, the first confused glimpse of stone vases, a grotesque leaden fountain standing in a basin, and two little figures near its brink, the shrill sweet song of birds, and the movements of the servants in the room, as they made all their dispositions for breakfast in the English fashion.

"I hope you are not very tired, Miss Armytage, and that you found everything comfortable on your arrival?"

"Impossible that it could have been more so, sir; I am not at all fatigued. I think I see the children. May I be introduced to them?"

He stepped towards the window, and called, "Maud, Marguerite, come in here, I want you?"

They ran across the grass, and came into the room; two beautiful creatures. They went up to their father, but their eyes were fixed on me.

"That lady is Miss Armytage, children, the friend I told you about; go and speak to her."

They came up modestly, not shyly. Maud had soft, clear, rich black eyes, a colourless waxen olive skin, fine features, full of sensibility and pride, and a mouth like a shell or a flower, like all that is most delicate in colour, most lovely in form, most refined in expression. Her hair, which was combed back from her forehead, and curled upon her neck, was such a dark brown, that it might have been called black, if black hair were ever of that glossy, silken texture. Marguerite had dark eyes also, and they were clear and bright, but they had not the velvet richness of her sister's; when I looked again, I saw they resembled her father's, and her hair was golden, really literally golden. In the fantastic, but graceful French fashion, it was braided round and round the beautiful head, like a twist of

golden rope, and at one side, a knot of blue ribbon was fastened. Nurse told me afterwards that no scissors had ever touched those fair heads. I had spoken of the marvellous length and luxuriance of the children's hair, and she replied that it never had been cut. I expressed my surprise, and she remarked that she believed it was an Italian fashion. Before the termination of the morning meal, I had advanced sufficiently far in acquaintance with the children, to have made up my mind, that inclination as well as duty, would lead me to a faithful interest in them. They had acquired quite an average amount of information for children of their age, and spoke French and Italian. Mr. Lydyard took leave of us after breakfast, telling me that nurse would take any orders from me, relative to hours and so forth; and that the children were in the habit of walking with him before breakfast every morning, so that he would prefer my not appointing any other occupation for that particular time.

"Are we to drive out with you, Miss Armytage?" said Marguerite, in Italian.

"I do not know, my dear; ask your papa," I replied; and she immediately put the question to him in French. He said, "Certainly," and explained the child's question by telling me that a carriage should be at my disposal, hitherto used by nurse and her little charges for their afternoon's airing. I then rose, as he did, to leave the room; and as the children ran beside me, eager to introduce me to their *salon d'étude*, I said to Maud—"You speak to your papa in French, children, does he not speak Italian?" "I do not know exactly," said Marguerite, with a puzzled look; "he told us never to say anything to him in Italian; but he must know it, or how could he have spoken to the servants, when we were in Italy for so long?"

I had, indeed, been brought into pleasant places. It would have been impossible for any one, whose lot was such as mine, to have had their burthens more lightly imposed. I was entirely unfettered in all my arrangements, treated with the utmost consideration and courtesy; in short, put in such a position as a man of true gentlemanly feeling and good sense will always secure to the person entrusted with the charge of his children, who thus learn that they are to respect a person respected by their parents.

The children progressed rapidly in their studies; they soon learned to love me, and I, though always unable to surmount the obstinately undemonstrative disposition which is mine by nature, loved them as the dearest things on earth to me. I never had either brother or sister—my uncle and aunt had no children—I had been to all others a mere teacher—it was not so with them. I had all their life under my eyes, my care; the quiet routine had an ineffable charm for me. Those were happy days, full of calm, and cheerfulness, and usefulness. I saw very little of Mr. Lydyard, who, indeed, was frequently absent. I must not imply that he carelessly confided his children to a stranger, and left her in irresponsible authority, for it was not so. For several months after I arrived in Paris, he made careful inspection of the children's studies, and learned from them all he desired of my method of instruction and of moral training, during the morning walks, which were steadily adhered to. Sometimes he joined us at breakfast, but

more and more rarely as the months wore away. I had the happiness of knowing that he placed perfect confidence in me. I found Maud's talent of a very high order, and her thirst for knowledge eager. Marguerite was of a gayer, lighter nature, with abilities less remarkable, and smaller faculties of application. Our life was very happy, and as the spring disclosed all her youthful glories, my enjoyment of the beauties of Paris and its environs increased to a degree of enchantment. Many hours of every week were passed in the different galleries of art and in the Garden des Plantes; every afternoon, when the weather permitted, we drove into the environs of the city, and leaving the carriage, walked among the trees and flowers. There is not much to chronicle in such a life; it meant very much to me. Sometimes I speculated upon that of my employer. What had been his history? The entire abstractedness of his manner could not fail to strike me. He must have some one subject of intense study, I supposed. He read a great deal, and spent many hours a day in his study, which, in French fashion, opened into his dressing-room, and communicated on the other side with the *salle-à-manger*. To the children his manner, though grave, was infinitely loving. There was a touching depth of solicitude in the gaze he would fix on them, at times, and more especially on Maud, which has often brought unbidden tears to my observant eyes.

In the library there was a very fine copy of that wonderful painting, in itself a picture, a poem, and a tragedy—"Beatrice Cenci." Maud was looking rather paler than usual, one morning at breakfast, and, in remarking this, I said to her father—"Have you a quick eye for likenesses, sir?"

After the least perceptible pause, he said—"Yes, perhaps it is sometimes rather fancy than perception, but likenesses are among my foibles. Subtile shadows of resemblance strike me and haunt me. It is quite irritating to me, when I am unable to associate them at once with names."

"I was just thinking there is a strong likeness, especially when she is a little more solemn than usual, between Maud and the picture in the library," I said.

Marguerite here interposed, "Oh, yes, the picture at Rome like that is very like Maud. Nurse said so, and Renzo used to call it 'La Signorina.'"

I do not think I should ever have thought of these remarks again, had they not been stamped upon my memory by the fact that they were the last which passed between Mr. Lydyard and myself for some weeks, and by one other occurrence.

Some ladies were occasional visitors to me and the children. All Mr. Lydyard's French friends were Legitimists, and, generally speaking, dwellers in the faubourg. One of these ladies, Madame St. Aubyn, had a little daughter who was a friend and playmate of my children. It so happened that this lady paid us a visit on the afternoon of the day on which the conversation detailed above had taken place. The three children were in the garden, and Madame St. Aubyn and I sat in the verandah, enjoying the warmth and the shade; suddenly Marguerite ran up, her hat held loosely in her hand, her dark eyes shining with eagerness, and her words tripping each other up.

"Madeline is having her picture taken, Signorina Grazia, and it is so beautiful, we want to go and see it. May we go this afternoon and have ours taken too?"

I turned to the calmer Maud for some respite from the torrent of questions. She said, gently—

"May we go? Will you take us, dear?"

"Pray do, Miss Armytage," said Madame St. Aubyn; "Monsieur Lesellier is painting quite a lovely miniature of my little girl; I would like you to see it."

"I should like to see it very much," I said, "and will take the children to the studio with pleasure; but, of course, we must go when you are there."

"I am going this afternoon; it is Clemence's last sitting. Could you join me there at three o'clock, Miss Armytage?"

"Assuredly, madam;" and, amid reiterated bursts of delight on the part of the three children, Madame St. Aubyn left us.

"May we not have our miniatures taken, too, Signorina Grazia?" said Marguerite, when we were alone, "Maud and I want to have them to give to papa, to surprise him."

I remembered then that I had seen no portraits of the children of Mr. Lydyard or their mother, which was curious in a house where everything bespoke taste and wealth. In fact, the "Beatrice Cenci" was the only painting, so far as I knew, in the house, where there were several choice pieces of sculpture. Perhaps Mr. Lydyard did not care for any other art. While these thoughts were in my mind, Maud said, with great earnestness—

"Yes, dear, we would like to give all our own money for the pictures for papa, and you will take us, and you won't tell him, will you?"

"I will certainly take you to see Clemence's likeness, my children, and then we will see about the rest. How much it would cost must be considered, for, perhaps, all your money would not be enough."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH *

THERE is a bright spot in Irish history, which Irishmen have always delighted to contemplate, and which is all the brighter for the dreariness of the gloom through which it shines. Once on a time, indeed, it was more than a spot—it covered a very large space; but now, from its remoteness, it is only seen like a star far off in the deep vault of heaven, though it sheds its holy and mysterious rays over a whole hemisphere.

* THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH: Was it Catholic or Protestant? By the Rev. JAMES GAFFNEY, C.C. Dublin: JAMES DUFFY, 15, Wellington-quay, and 22, Paternoster-row, London.

That bright spot is the early Christian period of our history. It began with our great Apostle, St. Patrick, in the fifth century, and continued with but slight diminution of lustre to the end of the eighth century, when the Danish invasion began to spread darkness, terror, and desolation over the land. It was this period which obtained for Ireland the proud title of "Island of Saints," by which it has been recognised all over Christian Europe. Its progress is beautifully indicated by the prophetic vision which some of his biographers attribute to the Irish Apostle, when Ireland appeared to him first as if enveloped in a flame, then with its mountains alone seeming to be on fire, and finally with only some lamps, as it were, glimmering in its valleys.

This early Christian period has always, as we have said, been the boast of Irishmen who deserve the name. Their country has not the same pretensions as other nations in the shape of power, temporal prosperity, or military glory. We do not refer, of course, to the deeds of individual Irishmen, or of Irish exile, or other legions, fighting under foreign banners. The Irish, no doubt, carried the terror of their arms beyond their native shores at the time about which the Roman poet sung—

"Totam cum Scotus Iernem
Movit, et infesto spumavit remige Tethys."

But this may have been questionable glory—very different, indeed, from the glory of that great Christian epoch, to which we have referred. This latter glory was won abroad as well as at home. It was a mild, salutary, holy, civilizing glory, which contributed only to God's honour, and the enlightenment, perfection, and happiness of mankind, and the title to which has been recognised all over Christendom. No wonder, then, that Irishmen should look back with pride and satisfaction to that brilliant and happy period of their history—that in all the long ages of gloom which followed they should

"Remember the bright things that blessed them of old."

But in proportion to the just and natural pride with which the Irish Catholic turns from the heart-sickening chronicle of his country's wrongs and misfortunes, to that time when she was the acknowledged mistress of Europe in sanctity and learning, must be his indignation at the impudent pretension which would deprive him of that proud reminiscence. To any one who hears it for the first time, it will scarcely be credible that such a pretension is made; yet made it is, and the Catholic Irishman is told that he has no claim to any of the honour due to the saints and learned monks who rendered his country so illustrious of yore; in fact, that all these were staunch Protestants, and belonged to that church which he has only known as the curse of Ireland, since the days of the hideous hag, Elizabeth! It is scarcely credible, we repeat, that such an assertion should be made, yet it is daily reiterated, and that avowedly for the discreditable purpose of proselytism. That the ancient founders of monastic institutes—the Columbkilles and the Brigids, with their trains of holy conobites;

the anchorites, who practised life-long mortification; the authors of the penitential canons; the men who used the sign of the cross at almost every moment of the day, and who erected so many beauteous, ancient crosses throughout the land, each one of them with an invocation to the passer-by to pray for the soul of him whose name it bore; the men who spoke so fervently of the real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist; who invoked the Blessed Virgin and the hosts of heaven in such long litanies; who read mass from the venerable missal of Bobbio; who founded monasteries, not alone at home, but in every other country of the Latin Church, and peopled so many other Latin foundations with their monks; that these men, in a word, who were the most striking personifications of every thing that constitutes the very essence and most distinctive peculiarities of Roman Catholicism were Protestants—were identical with the people who scoff at monasticism and mortification; with the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century, who tore down the sign of salvation wherever it was within their reach; with those who reject the invocation of saints, prayers for the dead, and the sacrifice of the mass—to assert all this, certainly evinces profound ignorance on the subject, or very reckless audacity. However, all this is asserted, and instead of standing by in mute wonder at the audacity or the ignorance, it is necessary to meet the calumny with argument, as has been done in a very effective and able manner by the Rev. Mr. Gaffney, in the interesting volume before us.

If a man were called on to demonstrate the proposition that “two and two make four,” he might very probably hesitate how to begin. To us, the question which Father Gaffney has undertaken to solve appears so self-evident, that we could almost suppose him to have been in a similar predicament; but our reverend friend has had more patience than we confess we should have had under the circumstances. He has treated his opponents as rational men, and with singular forbearance and courtesy. He has argued the question with great learning and great research; and has shown himself intimately acquainted with all the best authorities on the subject. Taking under separate heads all the principal doctrines which distinguish the Catholic from the Protestant Church, he has shown, by numerous references to the very highest authorities—to authorities which are all recognised by every Protestant writer on the subject—that the primitive Irish Christians held, on all these points, precisely the same opinions as the Roman Catholics of the present day. These doctrines he thus sums up:—

“1. The real presence of Christ in the most holy Eucharist, and the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Mass.

“2. The power of absolving from sin, exercised in the Sacrament of Penance, and, consequently, the practice of Confession.

“3. Prayers for the dead, and the doctrine of purgatory.

“4. Constant use of the Sign of the Cross, and miracles.

“5. Veneration for the saints, and the practice of asking their prayers—including a special reverence for the Mother of God.

“6. The necessity for mortification and penance, as shown forth in the laws of the Church, enjoining fasts during Lent, and at other seasons.

"7. The supremacy of the Pope, as successor of St. Peter.

"8. As a matter of discipline, the celibacy of the clergy, the practice of reciting the divine office, and the strict observance of holidays as well as Sundays.

"9. Absolute belief in, and a profound reverence for the Sacred Scriptures."

It is unnecessary for us to follow the author through his arguments and quotations. He has derived irrefragable proofs from that mine of Irish antiquarian learning, the late Professor O'Curry's invaluable Lectures. No man in our days ever did so much for our Catholic antiquities, as the lamented O'Curry. Again, "St. Adaman's Life of St. Columbkille," edited for the Archæological Society, by the Rev. Dr. Reeves, Rector of Lusk; Dr. Todd's "Liber Hymnorum;" and Dr. Petrie's learned work on "Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture," have all been minutely consulted by our author. The publication of these great works ought surely have set the question at rest long ago. We do not believe that any honest and intelligent man could have studied them, or any one of them, with attention, and still assert that the ancient Church of Ireland was not the Catholic Church. We do not point directly to Mr. Whiteside, who has thrust himself forward without much credit in the question. He has probably derived his whole knowledge of ancient Irish history from a few hours' reading in a railway carriage, or has made himself up upon it as he would have done on one of his briefs in an *ex-parte* motion. Some one has said, that besides the right way and the wrong way of seeing any thing, there is also the *crooked way*, and Heaven knows it must be strange obliquity of vision that would see Protestantism among the ancient monks of Ireland, because in those remote times there was not as frequent an interchange of consultations and encyclical letters between Rome and our *Ultima Thule* as at the present day.

We shall quote one argument, which Father Gaffney puts with considerable effect, although he only regards it as collateral evidence :

"It is admitted," he says, "on all hands, that the Christian Churches of France, England, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, were at this period in strict communion with the Holy See, and that this connexion was founded on the belief of the supremacy of that see; such supremacy was a dogma received in these churches. If the Irish Church rejected that dogma, then would those churches be separate from her by a clear boundary-line of faith, and the Irish would be regarded as cut off by heresy from the communion of the other churches of Europe. Did any such estrangement exist? Was any difference of belief manifested in the relation of the ancient Irish Church, with those of the rest of Europe? Not the least; but, on the contrary, the closest interchange, social, educational, and religious, existed during all the period of Ireland's glorious career, from the coming of St. Patrick, in the 5th century, to the invasion of the Danes, 300 years later." (p. 106.)

And again he observes—

"In the schools of Ireland were kindled that zeal and devotion which gave so many apostles to the churches of Europe. If these men taught sound doctrine on the supremacy of the Holy See—if the churches founded by them were subject to the jurisdiction of the Popes, it is manifest that they must have learned that doctrine in the famous schools of Ireland, where they had been

educated. The history of the ages of faith record that the Irish missionaries founded monasteries, and governed churches in France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, and thus formed the closest alliance in religion with those countries, which confessedly acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See. How, then, can it be pretended, that their faith was different from the belief of the countries with which they were so completely identified?" (p. 113.).

This argument is undoubtedly conclusive of itself; but the reader will find in Father Gaffney's unpretending book many equally cogent and satisfactory, together with a large amount of highly interesting and valuable information relative to our ancient history.

THE PUBLISHING TRADE IN IRELAND.

(FROM THE FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.)

It is always a source of gratification to us when an opportunity presents itself in which we can recognise signs or symptoms of improvement in any branch of trade in the country. Unfortunately, of late, this pleasing duty but rarely devolved on us, and therefore it is the more agreeable when we can, in justice, offer our congratulations to any person engaged in the development of any branch of manufacture in the country. It is, no doubt, by personal energy, by personal industry and application that the resources of a country must be laid bare, and made amenable to the welfare of the community. Any man, who, by the exercise of those qualities, can introduce and successfully establish a branch of remunerative manufacture, which, while it employs and sustains skilled labour in the country, contributes, it may be, no doubt, a small quota, but it is nevertheless an appreciable and sensible instalment to the general prosperity, should be esteemed a benefactor, and, if we may use the phrase, a practical patriot. The history of the trade of Ireland is a melancholy record—one the perusal of which is not calculated to inspire even the most sanguine or speculative with hopeful anticipations. On the contrary, an acquaintance with its vicissitudes, its obstructions, and its sufferings are more likely to inspire fear and apprehension—so much so, indeed, as to induce the feeling that its resuscitation is an undertaking, if not hopeless, at least surrounded with great, and serious, and grave difficulties. But to the determined there is no impossibility; and we do sincerely believe that the principal requisites for the revival of some of the recuperative branches of trade in this country are resolution to face the magnified difficulties—application and industry to remove them—and an honest appreciation of the obligations and duties which those employed in such vocations owe to the community. These observations have been suggested by a visit we recently paid to the new concerns, No. 15, Wellington-quay, of Mr. James Duffy, the eminent Catholic publisher, for there we recognised the most practical illustration of the truth of our remarks. The new premises are extensive beyond compare with any similarly occupied in Ireland—they have been fitted up with a remarkable elegance and an appositeness to their purposes seldom met with in such concerns; and although in their

arrangement they are unique and reflect creditably on Mr. Meade, the builder, it was not with the fittings, the handsome and ingenious arrangements, or the furnishings that we were most struck. It was with the development of the publishing trade, the resources of "the house," and the evidences of the vastness of the trade attained, quietly and unostentatiously, by a fellow-citizen. We believe we do not exaggerate when we say that the position now occupied by this Irish Catholic publishing house is second to none in Ireland, and most certainly equal to that of most of the leading establishments in England. Yesterday, we may say, its "connections" were confined within the limits of Ireland. To-day they extend to the principal cities of America, California, Queensland, and Australia; while, "Duffy's publications" are familiar in the shops of Calcutta, in Sydney, and in New Zealand; and there is scarcely a town of any moment in Scotland or England that has not its supply of the publications of this Irish house. This expansion is one of the results of application; and, naturally, it has necessitated an extension of the employment of educated labour, for Mr. Duffy does not "import" his "native" goods, as, we grieve to say, is the practice in many other branches of trade. The immense quantity of printing which he issues is the work of Irish hands; and the elegant binding which he proudly sends forth to be contrasted with any similar work is also the result of native skill. Of the quality of the one and the elegance and durability of the other it is not necessary to speak. The high reputation of the house is a sufficient guarantee for the character of its work, and it affords us sincere pleasure to be able to congratulate Mr. Duffy on the position he has attained. It has been earned by years of laborious toil, and won by industry and application. Among the more prominent works which have been recently published by Mr. Duffy, we may mention the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon's admirable Introduction to the Holy Scriptures, in two volumes; the Bible in the Irish character, by the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale; the Life of Bishop Plunket, by the Rev. Dr. Moran; O'Curry's Manuscript Materials for Irish History; Haverty's History of Ireland; the Life and Times of the Most Rev. Dr. Doyle, together with the works of Dr. Milner, Dr. Newman, and Dr. Manning. But great as has been the work accomplished by this enterprising house in the past, we understand that the in-coming year promises to be one of extraordinary "productiveness," and amongst its issues will be Gilbert's History of Irish Viceroy, O'Donovan's Supplemental Irish Dictionary, the Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, noted by the Rev. Mr. Meehan, and a multiplicity of devotional pictorial works, including the Pictorial History of the Old and New Testament, a Pictorial Family Bible, a Pictorial Life of Christ, and a Pictorial Missal. These are evidences of an energy and an enterprise which most certainly deserve the most unqualified success.
